



## Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



MOVES on the political chess board are coming thick and fast in these rare days of June in Washington. Senatorial contests have indicated which way the winds are blowing. With the victory in Illinois nominating Ruth Hanna McCormick, a dry, and the triumph of Secretary James J. Davis and Governor Pinchot in Pennsylvania the dries are jubilant and the wets still explaining the paradox. The periodical poll did not seem to forecast these results at least. Wise politicians have decided that voters are growing ballot-wise and are no longer keen to show their hand before the battle is on. Political campaigns play a real part in election results in crystalizing public opinion and a vote taken in June is not always a certain forecast of results in November. The tariff bill played its part as usual as a disturbing factor. Compromise was the order of the day in the conferences between the Senate and House conferees. A tie vote gave Vice President Curtis an opportunity to exercise his old-time privilege of requesting a Senate roll call. His vote saved the flexible clause on the tariff bill for the House. Although a blow to Senatorial leadership deliberative legislation—it doubtless led to final action. The country breathes free after the long months of suspense. The American people are still able to adjust themselves to almost anything that may happen in Washington—but it must happen first.

THE decisive majority with which the Pennsylvania Republicans nominated Secretary James J. Davis as a candidate for U. S. Senator, indicated that those voters believe in a citizen named Davis. While it was a personal tribute to him, Secretary Davis would be the last to regard it as a personal victory. There were issues involved that deeply concern the people of the Sylvan State. Senator Grundy's ultra tariff views and his brief career as an appointive Senator was "not confirmed" according to Senatorial procedure. The success of Secretary Davis indicated

qualifications for efficient public work, after serving in the cabinet of three presidents as Secretary of Labor. Ever since his boyhood days as a puddler in Sharon he has been in the thick of contest and struggle. He has met and mingled, worked, played and suffered with the working people.

IN all his activities as Secretary, he has never "lost the common touch"—for he has had to deal with the great human phases of our government, including adjudication of labor controversies, administration of naturalization and immigration law; statistical divisions dealing with the cost of living which plays an important part in the fixing of wages and salaries; women in industry and development of child life through the children's bureau; housing corporations dealing with the home problem; vocational education and the rehabilitation of the disabled men in industry; maintaining a library containing the most important things that have been written or said on the subject, covering every phase of the labor question. He has popularized high wages and encouraged industrial leaders to see its advantages. All the leading political parties endorsed in their platforms in 1928 many of the policies initiated by Secretary Davis in behalf of labor. Truly he has met the full requirements of the statute creating the Department of Labor:

*"The purpose of the Department of Labor shall be to foster, promote and develop the welfare of the wage earners of the United States, to improve their working conditions, and advance their opportunities for profitable employment."*

Now his legion of supporters and friends are confident that as a U. S. Senator he will pursue the objective of public service in every act and deed, in the same manner, with like results, true to his oath of office.



Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of three Presidents, nominated by the Republicans in Pennsylvania for U. S. Senator

WHEN the tall angular form of Secretary Ray Lyman Wilbur weaved in and about the chairs to find his place at the banquet table at the Advertising Convention there was a suggestion of how easily American public men adapt themselves to responsibilities. Although born on a farm and reared in North Dakota, with



*Mrs. Dwight Wilbur Daughter-in-law of Secretary Wilbur of the Interior Department*

the finishing touches of his education acquired in California, Secretary Wilbur seemed as free from self-consciousness as if he were entering the lecture room or the sick room to diagnose the case of a patient. When reminded of his adaptability as a "banqueteer" in the social activities in Washington he grimly remarked that it was all owing to the women folk who have a lot to do in making a mere man presentable on gala occasions. He even intimated that increased activities in this matter required not only the full measure of alertness on the part of Mrs. Wilbur, but that a charming daughter-in-law recruited by due process of marriage to his son, Dr. Dwight Wilbur had enabled him to feel assured. After passing inspection from toes to tie and a critical survey of the white vest and gloves he felt that in the language of the latest flapper, he was "O. K."

AT the Post Office Department there seems to be no doubt as to the future of aviation. More air mail routes are the order of the day. The Department officials have even agreed with Mr. Charles Coolidge Parlin who made a forecast for the Research Department of the Curtis Publishing Company on aviation. After traveling over twenty thousand miles by air, Mr. Parlin "lands" upon the conclusion that the "airways of the United States will hum with the drone of 250,000 privately-owned airplanes and one million within fifteen years." Mr. Parlin made some very startling predictions on the development of the motor industry in 1914, which indicate that his forecasts are conservative.

What interests Washington today is to have the government keep pace with other nations on aviation defense and offense equipment and at least keep pace with privately-owned developments. To have the United States

Mail service lag behind the (now considered) leisurely jaunts of privately-owned planes here and there, does not comport with the traditions and enterprise of a department of the government once headed by Benjamin Franklin, who always had his kite hitched to the forward movement stars of human progress, even lassoing the lightning for more power.

THE itinerary of many of the popular young authors of more recent times includes Washington. They have demonstrated that everyone does not go to Washington these days for political purposes. It has become a sort of a meeting place for all sorts and conditions of people and is the one city where representatives of all nations foregather for serious purpose. Among the arrivals at the Mayflower was Thornton Wilder, who has set the thinkers a-thinking and inoculated many casual fiction readers with the fact that a novel can be written with a serious purpose, even in these hectic days. His "Bridge of San Luis Rey" brought his work to the attention of eminent public men as well as to the literary critics looking for a new light on the rather barren shores of fiction for stories that reached into the depths of human emotions touching a tragic note that reveals an understanding of human nature transcending the boundary lines of merely writing a best seller. A knowledge of the world acquired by close observation is evident in his work as well as his conversation, in commenting upon international affairs over the coffee.

MORE and more the Latin-American countries are becoming prominent in Washington social life. They seem to have an appreciation of Washington ways and have brought with them many of the Castilian customs that add grace and beauty to a dinner or ball. When Andrew Carnegie provided the funds that started the work on the Pan-American Building, he did much more than to crystallize the dreams of James G. Blaine. A place was provided where the twenty-one republics



*Thornton Wilder, the novelist who visits Washington for new plots*



gathered with the feeling that it was all their very own in common. Every month representatives of these nations gather within the walls of this building to discuss the affairs of the nations represented. Amid the flowers, tropical in winter and summer, housed under a movable glass roof with sweet-fluted birds singing and birds of gay plumage looking on, an environment is provided that makes everyone feel at home and in a good mood for a conference of understanding. A statue of Washington looks gravely on. A topographical map showing in relief the mountains and valleys of the western hemisphere, reaching from Rio Grande to Patagonia is a geographical glance that makes a deep impression even upon the hurried tourist. Outside in the patio the labyrinth walks among shrubs and flowers and murmuring fountains convey an appropriate atmosphere. In the rear of the grounds is a sample of the architecture and furnishings of the ancient Maya civilization, revealing a beauty and culture that even surpasses that of the much vaunted Egyptian dynasties. The coloring effect has a distinctive blending that has been the mad despair of futurists and modernists in the art world. When the music plays and the social spirit reigns supreme in the Pan-American Building, we find the daughters and sons of South America mingling like one large family. At one of the recent functions Senorita Maria Sacasa, the debutante daughter of the Minister of Nicaragua, seemed like a symbol of the peaceful situation that has come to a much distracted Nicaragua. Not far away, holding social sway was Senorita Lucia Tessada Guzman of Cuba, reflecting the charm of the "Pearl of the Antilles." These gatherings are a revelation of the supreme position that youth maintains in all that has to do with social functions. As one old-timer remarked, "We could never have the blossoms without the beautiful buds, the unfailing promise of blooming radiance." When he finished this poetic bon-mot, after a vigorous whiff at his cigarette a charming miss nearby gave him an admiring glance with a coquettish, but cryptic expression of the youth of today, as she sweetly added, "*Si, Si, Senor.*"



Mrs. Arthur G. Hyde, wife of the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture

WHILE mine host Daniel J. O'Brien of the Mayflower seems to know just how to entertain his legion of guests, Mrs. O'Brien understands how to entertain the friends from far and near. Mrs. Patrick Rooney of Dublin, Ireland was a house guest and insists that the most charming functions ever witnessed within



Mrs. Patrick Rooney of Dublin, a Washington guest

hotel walls in her observations were those listed on the calendar of the Mayflower during the busy social season. Conventions come and go on the calendar, but the arriving and departing guests feel that there is a real host-like spirit pervading in the hostelry which since the day of the inauguration of Coolidge in 1924 has become a center of Washington life, in all its phases, extending from official and diplomatic functions to a colorful dinner given by the Hunting Club where guests appeared in red coats and knee breeches and heard the barking of the hounds with a real horse participating in the festivities with a knowing wink concerning that old fence which he failed to hurdle.

VISITORS to Washington find delight in the flowers in the grounds surrounding the Agricultural Building. In some respects they have attracted as much attention as the Botanical Gardens in the old days. Altogether flowers are counted as essential to rural life, and why not? They are included in the category of the Agricultural Department. While showing some of her friends the flowers grown under the direction of her husband's department, Mrs. Hyde remarked that it was the garden she had grown to love. Living at the Mayflower, Mrs. Hyde ranks among the popular official hostesses and has exemplified true Missourian hospitality. She has brought from St. Louis the same social charm and leadership that made her so popular in the home city. She knows how to adapt herself to every occasion and understands the joys and delights of farm life, as well as an appreciative and sympathetic knowledge of the more somber side of the home life of those who reap and sow, faithful to their duties and responsibilities.

**A**LTHOUGH he hails from Emporia, Kansas, the town made famous by William Allen White, William Smith Culbertson has established a reputation as a diplomat which far outshines any possibilities in that direction that may be aspired to by the erstwhile scrappy but aggressive editor of the Gazette published in



*William Smith Culbertson, American Ambassador to Chile*

the home town which his facile pen has made known to literary folk. Mr. Culbertson was born in Greensburg, Penn., in 1884, graduated from Yale in 1908 and pursued special studies in Germany prior to the war. He won fame in the preparation of the first volume of the Tariff Commission's report on Schedule K. As a member of the Federal Trade Commission he made a tour of South America, studying trade and tariff conditions and was appointed by President Wilson as a member of the Tariff Board and re-appointed by President Harding. An aptitude for diplomatic work encouraged President Coolidge to appoint him as Minister to Rumania, following his notable record as the Round Table leader at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown for three successive years. Contributions to various magazines and the author of several books on economic questions, including a survey of the Economics of Diplomacy further proved that he was equal to all of the exacting requirements of modern diplomacy. As Ambassador to Chile he has established himself as one of the leaders in Latin-American diplomacy and has quite won the confidence, not only of Chile but of other neighboring nations at the same time, which is counted something of an achievement. Memories of the old-time prejudices against the United States which within the last forty years came near to the breaking point have been softened if not obliterated under the mellowing influence of latter day diplomacy. He was in Washington at the time his daughter made her debut and his popularity was evidenced in the courtesies and attention paid him by the representatives of South American countries while in Washington. An understanding of the people who have been called the "Yankees" of South America is accredited to Ambassador Culbertson, who is even confident that an enduring era of friendly understanding between the United States and the twenty-one Latin-American republics has been firmly established.

**I**N Room 377 of the House Office Building the District Committee provided a rather exciting session on the subject of vivisection with special reference to dogs. There were many earnest anti-vivisectionists present and they had a prominent surgeon, Dr. Hall from Buffalo testify as to the uselessness of the cruelty involved in killing dumb animals for dissecting purposes. It was claimed that the method had not offered much in the way of enlightenment in these days, because of the dissimilarity of the dog from the human being—even intimating that serious consequences had resulted from performing surgical operations on human beings based upon information acquired in the dissection of dogs. The dissimilarity of tissues and structure, they said, made it impossible to base accurate conclusions. It was evident that the dogs had friends on that committee, and each one in the room kept thinking of his friendly canine companion at home, as he heard the gruesome details of vivisection recounted. It is an old question and has aroused much controversy, but the doorkeeper would have his little joke, repeating the parting jest, "We have had a doggone good time today," which was confirmed by the hearty barks of a stray dog in the corridor.

**E**VEN with the prospect of an adjournment in view, members of Congress—the deliberative minded senators begin to perk up. Gestures were accelerated and ponderous debate moved more swiftly. The offense to senatorial dignity in installing dial telephones, the same as their humble constituents use, was recorded with all the formality of a Websterian peroration. The incident truly reflected the crabbed temper of some Senators and proved their inefficiency at moving anything except "upon motion made." Figures which they deal with glibly on the tongue, appropriating millions and billions with a single "aye" or "nay" vote, are not so welcome in moving a dial hither and thither, which ought to afford a moment of relaxation from the tensivity of sober thought. Some of the newspaper correspondents record that among



*Carl Fisher of Miami Beach, Florida*

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*Meeting House Hill in 1847. The Common, the First Parish Church and Lyceum Hall*

## Dorchester, the Birthplace of Public Schools

*Glimpse of Historic Dorchester, where "Towne Meetings" were first held—A fascinating record of Dorchester past and present, in the glow of the Tercentenary year, representing three centuries of American citizenship*

**T**O live in the town where the first public school supported by taxation was established—is a distinction—provided one maintains the same interest in education glorified by the founders of the American public school system. To live in the environment where the first "Towne Meeting" was held which gave birth to the idea of our Republic through a system of local government that has influenced the structure of our institutions, gives one a deep sense of reverence and renewed appreciation of American citizenship, A. D. 1930.

Every time I pass the site of the old "Meeting House" not far away from my office I feel like lifting my hat. A glimpse of the Blake house nearby and other landmarks brings a veneration that results in a regeneration of purpose to give a more personal and potential support in carrying on the ideals implanted in the soil of beloved Dorchester, called the "mother town" of the Old Bay Colony.

How many of us realize that there was almost as long a lapse of time between the days when Dorchester was founded to the stirring days of the Revolution in 1776, as from the eventful Fourth of July of the Declaration of Independence to the present time. For one hundred and forty-six years

after the first house was built in Dorchester the method of citizens "meeting together at stated periods" to discuss matters pertaining to their own government, crystallized into the Continental Congress. Only about one hundred and fifty-six years has elapsed since the Congress of the United States became a reality.

"Dorchester Old and New" chronicles events of supreme historical importance, showing how plans for self-government were nurtured in Dorchester and the sister towns in New England. The Tercentenary in 1930 celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of these events is not a matter of merely adulating family pride or the achievements of the centuries that have passed, but a time of reconsecration for all of us to those fundamental purposes that have made our nation strong and great in the establishment of social and industrial institutions that have endured.

To have preserved in printed pages the details and some of the names of pioneers who played an important part in the making of our nation is an inspiring record and a common heritage. The book seems like reading the high points in old letters and diaries of former times that have unerringly foreshadowed the progress to the

exhilarating present in which each one of us is playing our part.

In 1930 thousands of people came from all parts of the world, including representatives from its namesake town of Dorchester in Old England, to participate in an anniversary which honors as much the people of tomorrow as it does the memories of those who have passed on. The old-time neighborly spirit of Dorchester was at full tide during this year. It brought a realization of esteem due those who lived, fought and struggled in the years before.

To me it has suggested a new pathway in pilgrimages from my own door with its flowers and trees and shrubs suggesting the home spirit of romantic old Dorchester. Beginning at the old "Cow Pasture" I saunter on by the old trees to the site of the first town meeting house. Farther on I come to the Burial Ground at Upham's Corner, where some of the pioneers of 1630 rest in peace amid the activities of that busy cross roads. On to the old fields which have now blossomed into Franklin Park, back to "Meeting House Hill," Field's Corner, Codman and Peabody Squares, after a survey of the harbor from the heights of Mt. Ida on to Savin Hill, not forgetting the picturesque Milton and the Lower Mills, the scene of Dorchester's first industry—

the grist mill in 1633. A tour of these historic spots in Dorchester reminds me that the original area extended from City Point, South Boston, to the Rhode Island bound-

ground for the high ideals and future hopes of our country.

The Dorchester Tercentenary Committee presents to the citizens and friends of Dorchester this booklet, containing a brief story of the settlement of the Town and its development throughout three hundred years; supplemented by a guide to places of historic interest, which will be of help to visitors. The map of present-day Dorchester, with points of interest located thereon, was prepared by Mr. John J. Dailey of the Dorchester Board of Trade. The cover of the Booklet was designed by Mr. Joseph P. Donovan.



Meeting House Hill about 1900. Before the Revolution bread was baked in the house at the left.

ary line—thirty-six miles. Out of this historic territory have been created many new towns of note, each of which has interwoven achievements into the warp and woof of history in the old Bay State.

Migrating from the little cluster of settlers who determined three centuries ago that "here a town shall be builded" called Dorchester, have gone forth adventuresome souls to every section of the country to help build other communities. Some sailed to far distant parts of the world in clipper ships, others carried on "by sea and by land" the constructive genius for home building and the indomitable courage of "Mother Dorchester townie."

After reading this book concerning my home town, I cannot resist expressing my personal gratitude, in which I feel every reader will join, to those who have pre-

The compilers were also aided by Mrs. Mary Fifield King, Miss Marion Kingman, Rev. Robert L. Webb, Dr. Charles J. Douglas, and Mr. Charles W. Sawyer, with valued advice and contributions.

Patrick J. Connelly, Chairman; Richard P. Bonney, Mary C. Corr, Edward A. Huenbener, Carrie M. W. Weis.

Credit is due to the Volunteer Committee of five citizens in charge of the work, who were untiring in

living amid the enshrined historic memories of dear old Dorchester townie.

The following excerpts from the fascinating text of the book "Dorchester Old and New" recently published was edited by Richard P. Bonney from material prepared by the committee appointed by the Tercentenary Committee and the Dorchester Historical Society.

THE story of Dorchester, Massachusetts does not begin in 1630, but reaches back for many centuries through the mother town in Dorsetshire from which so many of its settlers came. During the long Roman occupation of Britain, Durnovaria, near the south coast, was one of the important towns, strongly fortified and walled.

This Durnovaria of the Romans, later to be known as Dorchester, is picturesquely situated on the banks of the little river Frome. There are beautiful shady avenues and fine old houses, a very valuable museum and other public buildings. Outside the



John Lothrop Motley House. The Historian lived in this house at the corner of Center and Adams Streets



The Pierce House. Occupied by the Pierce family since 1640,—still standing on Oakton Avenue, Neponset

served this priceless bit of our nation's history. It is invaluable because it deals with the beginnings of home government and provides a most fascinating back-

ground and attractive form. The volume will serve as an heirloom in common for the visitors, kith and kin in the fraternity of citizenship, as well as for the home folks

their efforts for the past year in gathering and verifying the data. The Dorchester Board of Trade graciously donated their rooms and services in the generous nature of a citizenship co-operation harking back to 1630. To all those interested and in any way identified with the civic, industrial, social and educational welfare of the home community of Dorchester a full mede of praise is due for preserving the archives of Dorchester, in the Old Bay Colony of Massachusetts in this permanent and attractive form.

The volume will serve as an heirloom in common for the visitors, kith and kin in the fraternity of citizenship, as well as for the home folks

town is the late home of Thomas Hardy, Maxgate, while his birthplace at Bockhampton is but a few miles distant.

From this Dorchester in Old England came many of the settlers who founded Dorchester in the New World. But it is equally important as the home of the Rev. John White, who should be accorded the greatest prominence in the American Tercentenary. The Rev. John White, rector of St. Peter's Church in Dorchester for forty years, never left the Church of England, but he was at heart an ardent Puritan who believed emigration to be the only solution of the pressing problems of the times. Years before the sailing of the Mayflower, he began his labors. He first planned to establish in the New World a safe haven where the many Dorset fishermen and traders who were already visiting its shores could be brought under religious influence. Later, as the religious and political persecutions of James I and his son Charles engendered increasing discouragement and discontent among the Puritans, he dreamed of establishing a colony in the New World as a refuge for the oppressed. Needing greater financial resources, he joined with lead-



ing Puritans and organized the Massachusetts Bay Company, sending John Endicott to found Salem in 1628.

But if a Puritan Commonwealth was to be established in the New World a Charter granting its organizers unusual powers must be secured. The aid of Lord Dorchester, a powerful courtier, was enlisted, and on March 4, 1629, King Charles gave his assent to a very generous charter allowing the proprietors of the Massachusetts Bay Company to settle and govern the land between the Charles and the Merrimac Rivers. John Winthrop and other wealthy Puritans now joined the enterprise, subscribed to the stock, and gathered settlers. Early in 1630, the emigrants gathered under the direction of the new governor, Winthrop, and soon a great fleet was on the sea, carrying John Winthrop, the other stockholders of the Company, and the prospective settlers, to their new homes in America. John White remained in England, happy in the knowledge that among the emigrants was a large group of his own parishioners who had sailed forth in the *Mary and John* in the charge of two ministers selected by him and instructed to perpetuate in the New World

land with their goods and cattle at what is now Hull and complete their journey in boats borrowed from the "old settlers" who were already established on the coast. Exploring parties were sent out to find a suitable place for settlement. One went up the Charles to a point near the location of the Arsenal at Watertown, where they met friendly Indians and spent the night. But a second group found a place called by the Indians "Mat-tapan-nock" so favorable, with extensive salt marshes for pasturage and a rocky hill close at hand for defense, that it was at once chosen as the site of their new home.

Between May 30, the date of the

roofed cabins as protection against the cold and their forest enemies, they built their first meeting house.

The first houses were built along a road stretching from the first Meeting House to the Rock Hill of the settlers, the Savin



Welles House. Daniel Webster lived here in 1822

landfall, and June 6, the settlers and their belongings were laboriously brought up the Harbor and landed to the south of this neck called Mattapan-nock. Crossing to higher land, they raised rude huts of boughs and canvas to serve them as shelter through the summer, and they were already building their new homes when Winthrop in

Hill of today, where a fort was located.

#### The First Church

Although the first meeting house was not erected till 1631, it must be remembered that the Church was actually organized in England before the departure of the settlers for America. This first rude structure erected at Cottage and Pleasant Streets served as a place of worship, a civic center, a school, and a powder magazine, sufficing for fourteen years. In 1645, a larger and more comfortable meeting house was built on the same spot. In 1670 this second meeting house was moved to a more convenient location on the east side of Winter Street, on the Hill to which it gave its name.

It must be remembered that in early Massachusetts, Church and Town were



The Dorchester High School for boys. Dunbar Avenue

his ideals of religion and education. Thus these settlers were already an organized Church when they left England. John White is buried in the porch of his church, St. Peter's, which has become a shrine for New England visitors.

#### The First Settlement

The group destined to settle Dorchester gathered in Plymouth, England, and associated themselves into church fellowship, with John Warham and John Maverick as their ministers and leaders. In this association was hidden the germ that would develop in the New World into the self-governing town. On March 20, 1630, they boarded the *Mary and John*, a vessel of 400 tons, and with the blessing of John White fresh in their hearts, they sailed forth upon the Atlantic. During the voyage, a not unpleasant one of seventy days, there was preaching daily, and the first act after landing from the crowded vessel was the singing of a hymn of thanksgiving to God.

Their destination was the Charles River, but Captain Squeb of the *Mary and John* was unfamiliar with the coast, and refused to venture up the Harbor beyond Nantasket Roads. So the voyagers were obliged to

the *Arbella*, and the other vessels of the Puritan fleet reached Salem Harbor. Those familiar with the geography of Dorchester will recognize South Boston with the adjacent marsh still known as the Cow Pasture, as the Mattapan-nock of the Indians, and Savin Hill as the nearby rocky eminence. The landing was probably somewhere along the original shore line of the Cow Pasture, at a spot convenient to the first houses which were built near the junction of Pleasant and East Cottage Streets, on the level stretch known later as Allen's Plain. This spot was the heart of Old Dorchester, and here in 1631, as soon as the settlers had erected simple thatched-



Savin Hill in 1819. Encampment of the New England Guards,—from a painting in the Old State House

closely associated, for citizenship in the Town depended upon church membership, and the Town authorities were required to enforce the will of the Church. The minister, therefore, was the real head of the community, and the clergymen of the First

Church of Dorchester were the civic as well as the religious leaders. The first ministers, Warham and Maverick, were not destined to serve their congregation long, for



*Triumphal Arch at the Lower Mills, looking toward Milton. Erected in 1798 in honor of President John Adams. Taken from a contemporary painting*

the former joined the Connecticut migration, and the latter soon died. From 1631 to 1669, the Rev. Richard Mather, a teacher and clergyman of Toxeth, England, who had been suspended for non-conformity, guided the affairs of the Parish. He was the grandfather of Cotton Mather, the eminent divine.

The Town Records are full of examples of clerical matters being enforced by the secular authorities. Religious instruction, for instance, was required in the schools, and a catechism prepared by Mr. Mather was distributed to every family at Town expense. In addition, the rigid moral code of the Puritans concerning church attendance, the observance of the Sabbath, extravagance, frivolity, and the use of tobacco was enforced in Dorchester by the town officials, as in other communities in New England.

There was the other side of the picture indicating a schedule of social events connected with the church work—prim and proper—but the lover and lass laughed at locksmiths as in all the days, before and since.

#### *The First Town Meeting*

On September 7, 1630, the Colonial authorities ordered that "Trimountain be called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; and the town upon the Charles, Watertown." The name Dorchester was in honor of the home of some of the settlers, but particularly in honor of John White. The settlement was no longer nameless, but it still lacked any organized local government. The clergymen, with the advice of the magistrates, Roger Ludlow and Edward Rossiter, settled the strictly local problems that arose, while more important matters were referred to the Colonial authorities. On October 8, 1633, however, it was ordered that "the men of the colony should meet on every Monday evening, at the meeting house, there to settle and set down such orders as may

tend to the general good, and every man to be bound thereby without gainsaying or resistance." Herein is seen the same spirit of self-reliance and democracy that moved

the Pilgrims to draw up the Mayflower Compact of 1620. On this evidence is based Dorchester's claim to having founded the system of local government by town meetings, which has so powerfully influenced the character of our people and the structure of our institutions.

At this same meeting twelve "Selectmen" were chosen to meet monthly and ad-

Rossiter, and Glover were probably the only ones among the Dorchester settlers to be stockholders. But the spirit of the Puritans was against autocratic government, and shortly after the colony was established, the right of stockholders to share in the government was granted to many of the more influential colonists, including twenty-four in Dorchester. As the number of freemen (those who could vote) increased, it became impossible to assemble them all together in a "General Court," as the charter provided, so the scheme of having each town send representatives to Boston to consider matters of interest to the entire colony, was adopted.

#### *The First School*

According to the explicit directions of John White, the colonists provided for the education of their youth as soon as possible. Close to their first meeting house, they built in 1639 their first school on Settlers (Pleasant) Street. By vote of the Town on May 30, 1639, it was provided that the salary of the master be paid by the Town from the income derived from fees assessed upon the freemen who pastured sheep on Thompson's Island. As over seventy freemen were affected by this rule, Dorchester's claim to having established the first school in America supported by a direct tax upon the inhabitants, is valid. As the Town's appropriation was not sufficient to meet all the school's expenses, a small sum was charged each scholar for tuition, payable in money or fire-wood. The school was free only in the sense that boys of all classes, rich and poor, could attend. Girls were not admitted till 1784, although the original law left with the town



*The Dorchester Hill School for girls, Codman Square*

minister the affairs of the town. The duties of the Selectmen, and the procedure followed at the Town Meeting were not unlike what one would find in the smaller New England towns of today. for particular purposes, and assessed Taxes were levied upon all free holders as today. The Colony also levied taxes upon the towns, and the sum required from Dorchester shows it to have been the wealthiest of the towns at the start.

By the terms of the Massachusetts Bay Charter, only the stockholders of the Company were entitled to a share in the management of the colony's affairs. Ludlow,



*St. Peter's Church. The Reverend John White is buried in the porch of this church in Dorchester, England*

officers the problem of "whether maids shall be taught with the boys or not." The first master was the Rev. Thomas Waterhouse,



who later became headmaster of a school in Colchester, England, which is still in existence.

In 1645, Mr. Haward, Deacon Wiswell, and Mr. Atherton were elected "wardens or overseers of the school" and the custom of vesting the control of the schools in a group of independent officials was inaugurated. In this again Dorchester was a pioneer. In 1645, rules and regulations governing the subjects to be taught, the religious instruction to be given, and the maintenance of discipline, were issued. The master was ordered to treat both rich and poor alike, to emphasize prayer, and to use the rod as needed.

### *The Revolution*

The people of Dorchester, though strongly attached to the mother country, were determined to defend the liberties sought by their ancestors in the New World. When England adopted a repressive policy toward her colonies, Dorchester took great interest in the various plans of resistance discussed in America. The Town Records show that in 1765 Representative John Robinson was instructed to use his utmost endeavor to secure the repeal of the Stamp Act, and in 1770 resolutions pledging the townspeople to refrain from using goods of British origin were adopted. When armed resistance became a possibility, a Committee of Correspondents was appointed to consult with committees from other towns as to what methods should be followed. On November 22, 1773, the Dorchester Committee met with others at Faneuil Hall to discuss the problem of tea ships in Boston Harbor. Finally, when the British government ended the independence of the General Court

in defiance of Parliament at Salem. In the same year, Dorchester played an important part in the drawing up of the "Suffolk Resolves" a document prepared by the committees of correspondence of the Suffolk County towns, anticipating by their tone the more famous Declaration of Independence adopted at Philadelphia two years later.

Equally with these must we honor the 350 Dorchester men who fought in the Revolution. Dorchester militia joined the patriot army after Lexington,

about the cart wheels to deaden their sound, and three hundred Dorchester teamsters under the direction of James Boies hauled



*The Neponset at the Lower Mills, looking down stream. Stoughton's Mill was built in 1634 on the left (Dorchester) bank.*



*The Blake House. Standing since 1648, near Edward Everett Square*



*The First Parish Church, Unitarian*

by the Massachusetts Government Act, the Town sent Lemuel Robinson, as representative to a legislature that met

of the Charles River, soldiers moved quietly from Roxbury to Dorchester Neck. Dorchester farmers furnished the hay bound

fought at Bunker Hill, were furloughed in the following autumn, but were mustered into the service again in late February of 1776, in time to take part in the masterly maneuver by which Washington drove the British from Boston. The story of this maneuver must be told in every history of Dorchester, for Dorchester Heights was within the limits of the old Town. On the night of March 4, under cover of heavy cannonading from batteries to the north

onies independent, was passed.

### *Trade and Industry*

Among the original settlers of Dorchester were a number of men who hoped to develop a trading center. The superior facilities of the neighboring town of Boston, however, thwarted their hopes, but Dorchester has always numbered among its citizens some who followed the sea.

During its first century, therefore, Dorchester turned to agriculture as the principal means of livelihood. But the Town possessed one asset that would not long be ignored. Through the southern portion of the Town flowed a stream, which twice in its last few miles tumbled over rocky ledges on its way to the sea. An early writer lamented the fact that this river contained no alewives, but Israel Stoughton saw in its falls great possibilities, and in 1633 he was authorized by the General Court to construct a dam and fish weir at the lower falls. In 1634, the Neponset was harnessed at this point, and for the first time in New England corn was ground by power derived from a flowing stream. The original mill was erected on the Dorchester side, on land later occupied by the old stone

chocolate mill. The second industry to be established in the Neponset area grew out of King Philip's War, when in 1675, a powder mill was erected on the south side of the Neponset, where the Webb Mill now stands, but as it expanded, it utilized land on the Dorchester side.

That the third industry to develop was paper-making is significant. After aiding the colonists to secure food, and furnishing them with a means of protection, the busy Neponset was now called upon to further their spiritual and educational development, when in 1727, a paper mill was erected on its banks. This mill was on the Milton side of the river, but other mills were erected upon the Dorchester side. The mill built at Mattapan in 1773, operated today by Tileston and Hollingsworth, is the oldest paper mill in America. A part of the original mill is still standing.

Dorchester's most famous industry began in 1765, when Dr. James Baker employed an Irish chocolate maker, one James Hannon, to manufacture chocolate in one of the buildings of the old powder mill, in Milton. This industry proved very successful, and when the War of 1812 checked European importations, it became a large scale industry under the guidance of Walter Baker, and spread to the Dorchester side. The War was also responsible for the development of textile and slitting mills along the Neponset. Paul Revere established the first copper works in America on the East Branch of the Neponset in Canton in 1801, and it is believed that the bell still hanging in the Second Church at Codman Square, was cast there. Finally, lest Dorchester's manufacturing be thought too prosaic, it must be recorded (shades of the Puritan Forefathers!) that the first playing cards in America were printed within the town's limits.

Like most of the original towns, the original area of Dorchester was very great.

At the time of its greatest extent, Dorchester stretched from City Point, South Boston, to within a few rods of the Rhode Island boundary line, a distance of thirty-six miles. But the love of independence brought to this country by the early settlers, naturally led to the breaking up of the very large towns. As soon as a group of settlers in an outlying district established their own church, it was natural that they should desire to manage their own town affairs as well, and the General Court usually listened to their plea. In 1662, *Unquety* was set off as Milton. In 1724, a portion of the extreme southern section of the New Grant became part of Wrentham. Two years later the Indian Ponkapoag became Stoughton, named in honor of one of Dorchester's famous citizens, the late Chief Justice William Stoughton. Later towns to be set off were Sharon, 1765; Foxboro, named for the famous Whig leader, 1778; and Canton, echoing in its name our newly developed China trade, 1797.

Like most New England communities, Dorchester contributed generously of its population to the development of the rest of our country. In 1635, about one hundred of the Dorchester colonists migrated under the lead of Roger Ludlow and Thomas Hooker of Watertown, to found Winsor, Connecticut; but a shipload of settlers from Weymouth, England, arrived to take the places of the emigrants. Another interesting emigration from the Town occurred in 1695, when Joseph Lord with eight colleagues founded Dorchester, South Carolina, as an evangelistic enterprise. Other Dorchester families joined him, and fifty years later their descendants founded a similar colony at Midway, Georgia. The influence of these settlers was shown in 1775, for

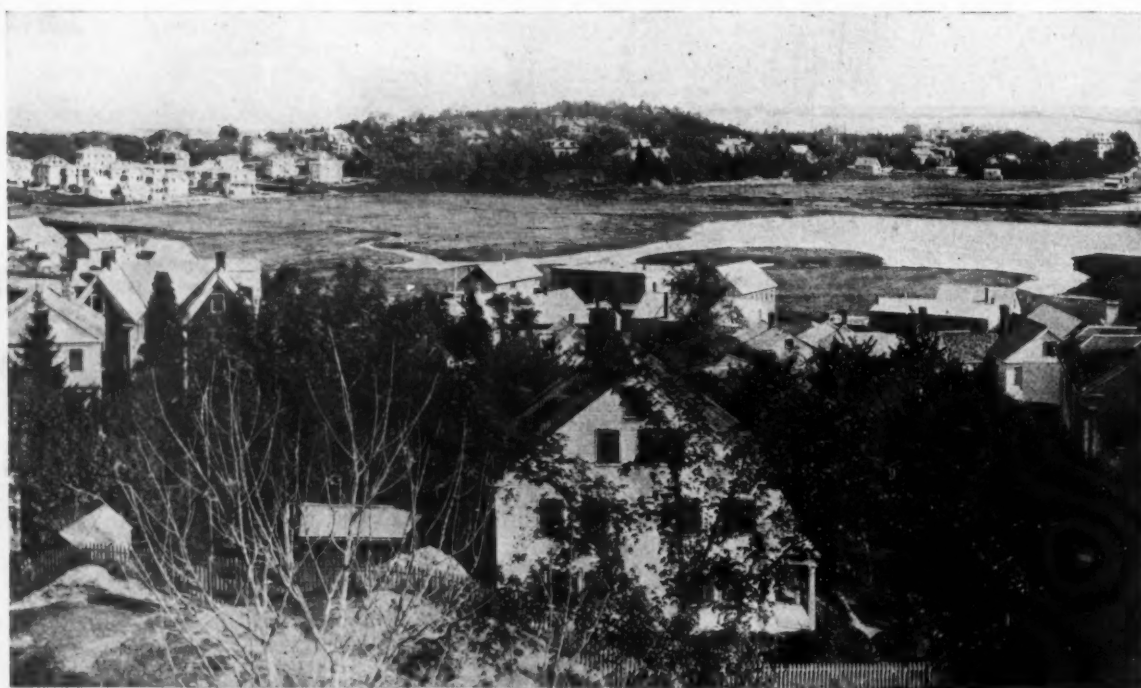
when it seemed as if the Province of Georgia might remain loyal to England, Liberty County, including Midway, sent its own representatives to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. As late as 1830, a visitor reported that Midway was entirely different, religiously and socially, from its neighbors. In 1804, South Boston (Dorchester Neck) was annexed to Boston, and in 1870, the Town itself was connected to Boston, and its political existence came to an end.

IN the glow of welcome accorded His Worship Hon. T. H. H. Wheeler, Mayor of Dorchester, England, and his companion delegates to join in celebrating the Tercentenary of the founding of the Old Bay Colony, our minds naturally turn back to that Dorchester over the sea and we find its history intensely interesting. This little capital of the County of Dorsetshire was once a Roman station and a walled town. The Romans called it Durnovaria. It had an amphitheatre that would hold twelve or thirteen thousand people. In some eighty places one may see the remains of Roman works. Just as the farmers in this country have dug up Indian relics, so in Dorchester, it was said that one could not bury a horse without coming upon an old Roman pavement. It was not alone their words that were left and which are welded onto the Saxon of the English language, but they left relics of their active life,—implements, defences, old coins and other articles that have been collected and retained in Dorchester's Museum and Library. Dorchester was a part of the old Roman Empire for about four hundred years—a century more of time than has elapsed since the sturdy English colony settled in America. The Celts, too, have left traces of occupancy—old Celtic roads may be found and "walks" that date far back in antiquity.

Maiden Castle is a product of Celt engineering—having been built to resist the Roman warriors. It is a huge structure and it is said that one hundred thousand men were employed in its construction.

There is an early association with Royalty in the history of Dorchester, England. The Duke of Monmouth, Charles II and Sir Walter Raleigh spent some time of their eventful careers in this environment.

Among its distinguished men, no name stands out so prominently as that of John White, the progressive thinker and rector of Trinity Church—also of the renowned St. Peter's Church in Dorchester, who



Savin Hill from Meeting House Hill. Before the Revolution the Town Landing was located on the creek shown in this picture



founded our own Dorchester in America. John White—"Patriarch of Dorchester"—never crossed the sea, but his influence extended that far for he made a bold strike for freedom of thought, raised money, urged and encouraged those who were ready for the voyage and he materially assisted the colonists here. He gave forty years of his life in his efforts toward colonization on our shores.

Dorchester, Massachusetts, is proud of its ancestry—even the name is one more evidence of Puritan loyalty—an unforgetten love for old localities and for the Mother Country. Many of the early settlers of the Dorchester in New England came from homes in the County of Dorsetshire. One may easily believe after landing in their new world that their thoughts turned often to the long, sloping meadows that they had left behind, for the new Dorchester was then a desolate shore—boggy in some sections and in others so wooded that much tree-felling was necessary before shelter could be built.

The staunch ship—the *Mary and John*—rather larger than those of Governor Winthrop's fleet—brought very brave men and women—a people that were to perpetuate the stern, religious and progressive character that distinguished the inhabitants of ye olde Dorchester, England. Resourcefulness and energy were instinctive with those first settlers in Suffolk County. They were not religious rebels but progressive men who yearned for a religious belief that was free, less ostentatious. Puritanism was not born in America—it came to live in stern acts dating back to the Elizabethan era—then was the first "rift within the lute." The brave emigrants mind brought with them all the seeds of culture, the old traditions and the fundamental principles that laid the foundation for progress here and they did not forget old localities as the names of the towns and cities proclaim. We have our Falmouth, Brighton, Essex, Sussex, Devonshire, Hartford and many others that appear on the old maps of England.

The name of Dorchester was officially confirmed on September 7, 1630, when a court was held in Charleston and at the same time it was decided that Tri-Mountain should become Boston. The Indians had called that stretch of land Mattapan. The section was not annexed to Boston until 1870. William Wordsworth, the poet, lived in Dorchester for a time—quite like a hermit to be sure, as his abode was so far into the country that it took one week for his mail to reach him.

The name of Thomas Hardy comes of-

tener to my mind when Dorchester is mentioned. All his life—except brief years in student days—were spent near the sea in Dorset County. He gave the town the name of "Canterbridge" in his clever novels and there could be no more delightful background to fiction for his works have made Dorchester permanent in literature. Walking through the streets of the old town I felt the air of old respectability and decorum. Strolling up old West Street my mind turned back to the thought that in this town beaver hats were first manufactured—surely a dignified industry. And although Thomas Hardy's novels deal with

that they would take you the "three miles to the sea," as it was of no use to try to see the great author. Once through the famous gate and came into the presence of that sedate but kindly man I lost the sense of aloofness. Keen eyes above a long aquiline nose and a kindly, interested smile of welcome gave me my life-long impression of the eminent novelist. You realize the greatness of the man whose forebears were also great in their own way for one of his ancestors was the close friend of Admiral Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. Another distinguished man of Dorchester was William Barnes who wrote verse in the rugged

Saxon dialect, and whose monument graces a prominent spot. We may well quote his lines and feel that in spirit they reflect the pride we feel in Dorchester, America.

*We Dorsets, tho we may be  
homely  
Be'ent ashamed to own our places  
And we've some women not un-  
comely  
Nor ashamed to show their faces.  
We've a mead or two worth  
mowen  
We've an ox or two worth shoven  
In the village  
At the tillage  
Come along and you shall find  
That Dorset men don't shame  
their kind  
Friend and wife  
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers  
Happy, happy be their life!  
For Dorset dear  
Then give woone cheer!  
D'ye hear? Woone cheer!"*

\* \* \*

**O** PEN house continued in the old houses redolent with historic memories reaching back through the centuries. The Governor of Massachusetts and Mayor of Boston joined in the festivities while the President of the United States sent his greeting and good wishes to Dorchester. The reception given the Mayor of Dorchester England and his party, beginning with a banquet was an outburst of neighborly good feeling, that had an international aspect. The houses in the old town of Dorchester in these rare days were aglow with flowers and the glorious verdure of tree, shrub and vine.

The exercises of June 6th to 8th, 1930, commemorating Dorchester's day in the Tercentenary of the founding of the Bay Colony were memorable and impressive. It marked the time of home-coming for many native-born and old residents.

Now that the hour-glass brought over in the Good ship *Mary and John* by the first Parish minister who used it to time his sermons, has run its course of three centuries, one may indulge in a vision of what the "running sands of Time" may bring forth in the succeeding three hundred years.



*Hour Glass brought on the MARY AND JOHN. The ministers of the First Parish Church used it to time their sermons*

emotion, more especially, we catch that old-time atmosphere in his "Under the Greenwood Tree." It was during the friction between Great Britain and America that he wrote "Far from the Madding Crowd." Indeed his quaint and simple home "Maxgate" was indeed a distance from any thought of conflict—for never can I forget the privilege of paying personal respect and shaking the hand and looking into the rather sad-face of the master in literature.

Very few visitors were admitted to "Maxgate" and even the drivers who brought tourists to the section would simply say

# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

**W**HEN Charles C. Green of New York takes hold of things, he has the firm grip of constructive leadership. This was true in boyhood days. In his native town of Kent, Ohio, now famous as the home of Tree Surgery, he knew the trees and the swimming holes and was a member of the old home town band. He began life as a druggist and at eighteen was familiar with the sacred precincts behind the prescription counter, and later took a special course in Pharmacy at the Ohio University. As a traveling salesman, he learned how to meet and mingle with people and became one of the popular sales and advertising managers in the city of Washington. A fling in the newspaper business followed, when he originated and organized in Philadelphia the first merchandising department ever conducted by a newspaper. As general manager of the Dayton, Ohio Journal, he made another distinctive record in newspaper work.

Returning to Philadelphia as advertising director of Warner and Company, manufacturing chemists, he came on to New York when they purchased the business of Richard Hudnut, the perfumer.

In 1918 he launched his own advertising agency in New York with a branch in Philadelphia, and afterwards served for two years as president of the world-famed Advertising Club of New York. Eight years later the Republic of France honored him by awarding him the Gold Cross of Civil Merit.

It was logical that the Ohio Society of New York should elect him president of the largest and oldest state society on Manhattan island. He proceeded to do things, and startled the country by the ringing of old cowbells gathered in Ohio. They discovered one that began its chimes in 1794. The lady owning it was brought on from her farm to New York and milked a cow on the green verdure that grows on Park Avenue in New York City to the astonishment of the natives, who had never seen a cow milked. The music of that cowbell awakened comment from all parts of the country and was a potent factor in the Farm Relief movement.

With memories of boyhood days he organized a circus given in the Hotel Pennsylvania, where the rooms of the Society are located. With Robert Sherwood, the old Barnum clown the big attraction, as ringmaster in full regalia, he conducted one of the most unique functions ever given in Gotham. There were present many distinguished New Yorkers who looked on while eating peanuts and drinking red lemonade with all the merriment of youth.

Mr. Green not only cracked the whip, but played a trombone solo which proved conclusively that he was a member in good standing of the Kent Cornet Band.

Altogether Charles Green is counted a most useful citizen wherever he may be. He understands the business of exploitation to the nth degree and knows how to make men play as well as work. The genius for organization and going ahead



*Charles C. Green, President of the Ohio State Society in New York*

and doing things has brought him the hearty appreciation of the membership of whatever group with which he may be associated. He is an oldtime "joiner" and insists that it is necessary to appropriate a definite amount of time to service in matters outside of his business. It is no wonder with his love of the old boyhood home that he should have chosen Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" as his favorite poem. He still recites it with all the vigor of school-days.

\* \* \*

**B**EATRICE Woodcock teaches paralysed children to swim. By doing so she eventually develops their little muscles, straightens their tortured bodies, and makes them strong and active.

She is head of the physiotherapy department of the children's hospital, University of Iowa. In spite of her technical title, she is sympathetic and human. She has to be, in a place where falling out of bed is a

catastrophe. The children, nearly one hundred of whom are treated every day, are elevated upon braces day and night. Most of them cannot move their hands and feet without aid. When they roll from their beds, they are in a more serious predicament than the ordinary person would be if pinned under a wrecked automobile.

Before Miss Woodcock went to Iowa three years ago, after studying in England and America, there was no play time for the crippled children. They were mere patients under observation, sent to the hospital for treatment of various kinds of paralysis, and tuberculosis of the bone. Night and day they lay upon their beds, arms and legs stretched at tiresome angles, kept rigid by great leather frames.

When Miss Woodcock walks down the rows of beds, the children laugh and smile. She has made them human beings, not mere specimens of anterior polio-myelitis, or some other term equally enigmatical and terrifying. She has given them a precious hour of recreation daily. They are learning to swim, in a pool which was completed last December. Freed from braces, the children are brought to the tank, most of them flat on their backs. Some roll up in wheel chairs. All are paralysed. Carefully attendants lift them into the water. Suddenly these quiet, inanimate youngsters become gay and lively. Smiles replace expressions of suffering. Laughter echoes instead of groans. The children are learning to swim.

Miss Woodcock jumps into the swimming pool with her charges. She teaches those who cannot use their legs, to swim on their backs. Those who cannot control a muscle, she encourages to float. She helps them all to exercise arms and legs. She works patiently with knees which have not been bent in years. She loosens spines which have stubbornly refused to relax. After a few weeks of this treatment, the children find that they can move more easily in the water, and can help themselves to greater efforts. Then comes the day when they find that they have power over their muscles when they are out of the water. There is as much excitement then as there would have been if a circus parade had passed the window.

A pretty girl of nineteen is helped into the pool. She has been in the hospital almost three years, and now can sit up in bed, walk if she is helped, and swim quite freely. But when she arrived, she could not move a single muscle of her body. A boy of three splashes in the water, waving his arms and legs. When he is in bed, those same limbs, benumbed by infantile paraly-

*Continued on page 406*



# The Historic "Old Farmer's Almanac"

*An Institution founded by Robert B. Thomas, contemporary of Benjamin Franklin, continues on as a standard classic of its kind—A record of Astronomical calculations that serves the people with a complete survey for guidance*

**D**URING this Tercentenary Year Celebration of the Founding of the Old Bay Colony in 1630, many historical events that had momentous bearing on the development of the United States will be memorialized, as well as singular and far-reaching establishments that had great influence in gratifying the early desire of the settlers for general knowledge.

There is every reason to choose as one of the important events the establishment of the "Old Farmer's Almanac," a New England institution, which is to issue its 139th Annual this year. Established in 1793, shortly after the Revolution, the one hundred and thirty-eight successive yearly issues of this New England publication cover about the same period in history as the life of the United States under its Constitution. In fact, the old copies of the Almanac, running back to its beginning, have conveyed an exact and illuminating picture of this period of New England and its people, containing, as they do, such a fund of general information—in addition to the "Astronomical Calculations and Farmer's Calendar for every month of the year."

There was also a literary standard set in the first issue of the "Almanac," which has been maintained through the years. The founder, Robert Bailey Thomas, whose name still appears on the title page of each successive annual issue, taught school for many years, then established a bindery and book-selling shop in Boston. His ambition to issue an "Almanac" grew with the kindred business, and working on the preparation of copy and data during the year 1792, he brought out the first issue for the year 1793. "Established in 1793, by Robert B. Thomas" has become the most distinguishing feature on the title page of the Almanac.

This early founder gained a well-merited reputation in New England for his Almanac, as well as establishing himself in the hearts of the people by his additions of "New, Useful and Entertaining Matter" in each issue. The preface he wrote for the first issue gives an insight into his friendly style and it is quoted herewith:

## FRIENDLY READER

Had it not been the prevailing custom to usher these periodical pieces into the world by a preface, I would have excused myself the trouble of writing, and you of reading one to this: for if it be well executed, a preface will add nothing to its merit; if otherwise, it will be far from supplying its defects.

Having, for several years past, paid some attention to that divine science, *Astronomy*, the study of which must afford infinite pleasure and satisfaction to every contemplative mind, it is with the repeated solicitations of my friends, that have induced me to present you with these Astronomical Calculations for the year 1793; which I have thought proper to entitle the FARMER'S ALMANAC, as I have made it



my principal aim to make it as useful as possible to that class of people: Therefore, should there be anything in it that may appear of small moment, it it hoped the *Literati* will excuse it.

The arrangement of this Almanac is novel, though I have the vanity to believe it will be found to be as useful and convenient as any other almanac either of a double or single calendar. I have taken peculiar care to make the calculations accurate in every respect; and beside the more than usual astronomical calculations, I have added the rising, setting, or southing of the seven stars, for every evening through the year. As to my judgment of the weather, I need say but little; for you will in one year's time, without any assistance of mine, very easily discover how near I have come to the truth. And now, friendly reader, this being only an essay, which, should it meet with the Public's unprejudiced approbation, you may expect to hear again from your's, and the Public's

Most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT B. THOMAS.

The work performed by Robert Bailey Thomas during the fifty-four years he edited the Almanac, formed the basis of a most interesting book by George Lyman Kittredge, which was published by William Ware & Company, Boston, in 1904, entitled "The Old Farmer and His Almanack; Being some Observations on Life and Manners in New England a Hundred Years ago—Suggested by Reading the Earlier Numbers of Mr. Robert B. Thomas's Farmer's Almanack." Mr. Kittredge entertainingly proves the historical value of Mr. Thomas' editorial work through his publication, as well as the merit of his selections of contemporaneous literary matter to picture the formative period of our existence as a Nation.

Robert Bailey Thomas was a contemporary of Benjamin Franklin. They both started business in Boston; both issued Almanacs; both acquired the patriarchal style of writing, Franklin being the great genius, leading into realms of thought and science beyond the more rudimentary teachings of Thomas. But as far as the first business in hand is concerned, the life work of Thomas has lasted longer as a business institution in New England. Although they never were associated or even met each other in this life, their line of effort as publishers of Almanacs was so closely allied that the portraits of "Poor Richard" and Robert B. Thomas have appeared on the golden corn-colored cover of the Almanac for a half century.

After fifty years of service to the people in the publication of his "Old Farmer's Almanac," the venerable Editor Thomas wrote another characteristic preface in celebration of the semi-centennial of its establishment, in which he reviews that half century of effort through several pages of retrospective, introspective and prospective thought. He heads the preface "Fifty Years Ago," and in the opening lines addressed his flock as follows:

It is just fifty years, Friends and Patrons, old and new—we know not which are the most numerous, or the most kind, you who have gone hand in hand with us for half a century, or you who have known us but a few short summers—it is just fifty years since we started our unpretending, but, as we trust, useful annual! Fifty years! It is a life by itself!\*\*\*\*

The closing paragraph of this preface gives a most intimate insight into the real thought of the venerable editor and reads like a fond farewell of a well-spent life that is ready at any moment for the final Great Adventure.

Friends and Patrons! The form of the editor who has jogged along side by side with the older ones of you for fifty years, will, with many other forms now full of life and vigor, before another half century, be crumbling in the dust! The world that now seems so joyous will ere that time have passed away from many millions now alive, it may be from the reader as well as from us; and if so, may we receive the reward of the pure in heart, may our sins be forgiven us, and may our virtues be held in fond remembrance by those who have best known us on earth, and may we pass to our final account as those

"... who wrap the drapery of their couch

About them, and lie down to pleasant dream!"

*Robt. B. Thomas.*

For the first time in his fifty years of editorship, Mr. Thomas added a facsimile of his signature at the bottom of this preface. It has a backhand, bold stroke with the old-time flourish underneath. In 1847 the Almanac announced the death of Mr. Thomas, who had conscientiously served his public as a friendly, fatherly editor for over half a century. The annals of editorial effort in the United States can furnish few equals to this remarkable editor's stewardship.

During its long life the "Old Farmer's Almanac" has had varied publishers. Among the more recent ones was the William Ware Publishing Company which owned it from 1877 to 1918. On the death of Mr. William Ware, his brother, Mr. Horace E. Ware, then a well known Boston lawyer, assumed the entire editing of the Almanac which continued to be published under the name of the William Ware Publishing Co. Mr. Ware found the production of the Almanac a pleasurable pastime. It became his avocation, an activity which so many untiring brainworkers assume simply as a change. Such a change means rest and recreation to them.

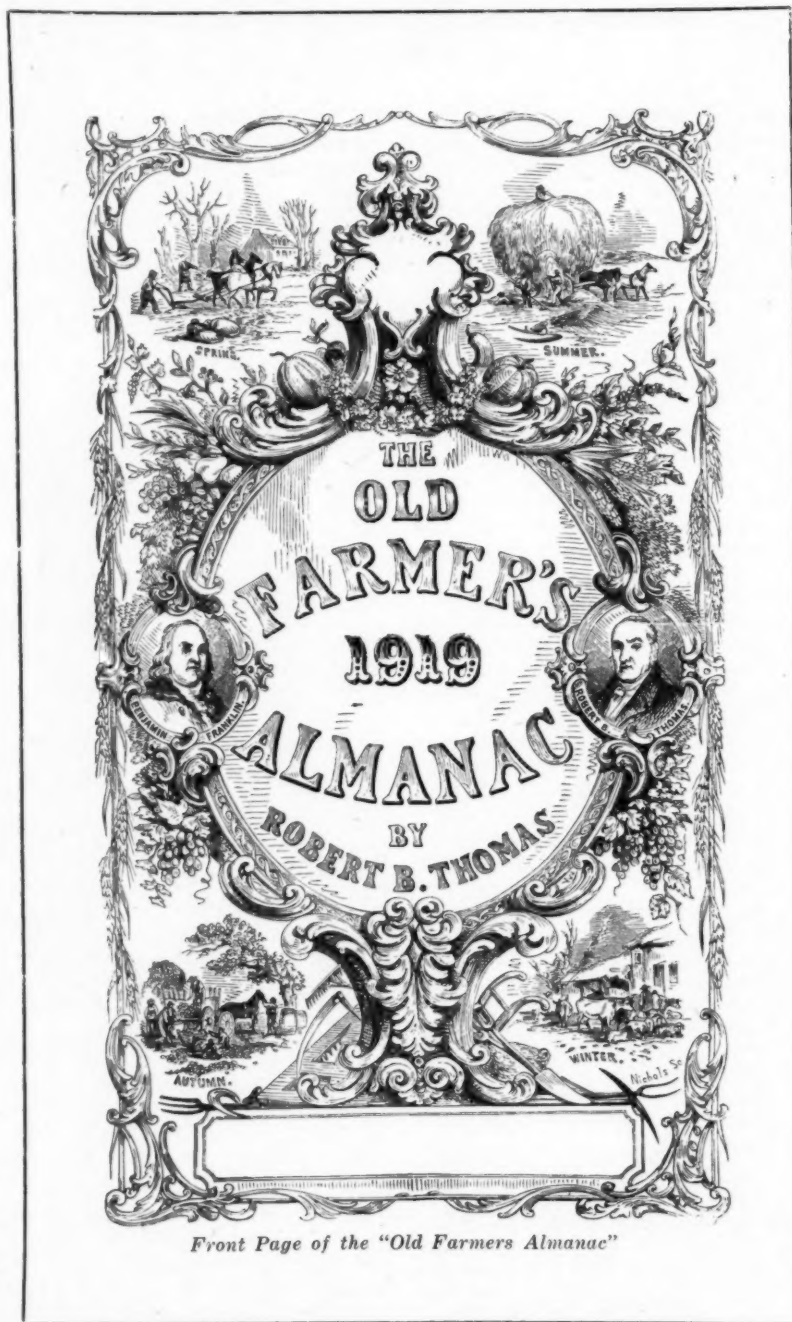
Upon the death of Mr. Ware in 1918, the Almanac was purchased by Frank B. Newton of Milton, who had assisted Mr. Ware for a number of years. Mr. Newton, like his predecessor, enjoyed his connection with this old conservative publication.

Mr. Newton was graduated from the Harvard Law School at the early age of twenty-one, was admitted to the bar, and

in the same year entered a well known Boston law office, where he remained until his death in 1928. His outstanding success as an attorney was marked by the persistent manner in which he built up business enterprises by suggestive advice instead of tearing them down, as some do, by litigation.

continues to be published by Mr. Newton's family.

Through the migration of New Englanders to every state of the Union and even abroad, the circulation of the Almanac has reached a far greater territory than that for which it was first prepared. It has kept pace with the years by the addition of new



Front Page of the "Old Farmers Almanac"

His literary avocation found expression in the publication of the Almanac, which he continued under the same policy as Mr. Ware, adding features to strengthen its position as the distinctive institution of its kind in the publishing field. The Almanac

items of information to keep up its standard as a household necessity. But its greatest field is in New England—where it has become an institution, to be carried on for another hundred years in the recording of Life and Manners of the Times.



# Face to Face with Presidents

*Complete Script of the Popular Talks on Sunday Evenings between six and seven for National Broadcasting Company and Associated Stations from New York  
by Joe Mitchell Chapple*

(Orchestra—"Pilgrim's Chorus")

**Y**OUR Pilgrim will now raise the curtain to pay tribute to a President of the United States whom he not only met face to face, but one whose close friendship never failed through the earlier and later years, revealing a stalwart manhood and a full measure of constructive statesmanship that was ever attuned to a kind heart. Forked tongues of scandal have failed to dim the fame of a President who was a human of humans and gave his country a constructive administration in the wake of which followed the greatest widespread prosperity ever known in the history of the Nation.

(Orchestra Background—"Little Gray Home in the West")

The kindly spirit of a "Little Gray Home in the West" reached the Executive Mansion, when President Harding and his helpmate there took up their abode, after a ballot mandate representing the largest popular majority that had ever been given any man elected President of the United States.

My first meeting with Warren G. Harding was in his newspaper office in Marion, Ohio, where he figured how to make a linotype pay in a country print shop.

In 1899 I heard he had been elected to the State Senate of Ohio and bought a new linotype but he wrote me more about the machine than about himself. After four years in the Ohio Senate he became lieutenant Governor and found himself absorbed in politics—true Ohioan that he was.

Some years later he addressed a National Republican Convention that nominated Taft, who was an Ohio man. Enthusiastic Ohioans even then whispered "Watch young Harding!" Again on the Chautauqua tour our paths crossed when we were speaking in tents trying to help out our respective print shop payrolls.

Nominated for Governor in a fateful year of 1910, when factional division threatened the Republican ticket, Harding was defeated, but his defeat was the shadow of coming victories. He said to Mrs. Harding: "Now, Duchess, we will keep on running the *Star* and make a trip over the salt seas to shed our briny tears."

Two years later he was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio by over 100,000 majority. On arriving in Washington, he told me he had reached the zenith of his political ambition. "What greater honor can any man have than to be senator from Ohio?" he said. "My ambition now is to do the work in a manner that I will be a credit to my state."

Senator Harding was chairman of the National Republican Convention in 1916. His

keynote speech was well received and his manner and ability won something more than a resolution of thanks from the delegates. As he laid down the gavel, we newspaper men gathered on the platform, looking straight at Harding, chorused: "You are the candidate next time!" He smiled and waved his hand, as if to push aside even the thought of such a happening.

As a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, he helped to draft the Resolution declaring a State of War in



*President Warren G. Harding*

1917. Recognized by his colleagues as a young senator of well-balanced brain and heart, it was still more evident to newspaper men that Warren Harding was "a comer" when discussing presidential timber.

In great demand for speeches he appeared in Boston, speaking from the same platform with Governor Coolidge, who passed the sugar and greeted the distinguished guest. Massachusetts friends then hoped to have the name of Calvin Coolidge head the Republican presidential ballot. Harding graciously responded: "If I were from New England I would be for Calvin Coolidge for President" and the crowd cheered wildly. Continuing with a twinkle in his eye, he said—"but—I am from Ohio."

(Background—"Beautiful Ohio")

Electric lights flashed full upon stirring scenes at the Coliseum in Chicago when the

Republican Convention opened in 1920. The Wood and Lowden forces locked horns for a battle royal. The first ballot, following a battery of nominating speeches, revealed that neither of the two leading candidates could be nominated. Many of the delegates in attendance four years previous remembered the young Chairman of 1916. When the situation suggested a dark horse, they began whispering to one another, "How about Harding?" Before the shower of red feathers falling from the roof as a spectacular demonstration for Leonard Wood had passed—the delegates were discussing Harding as the logical compromise candidate. It became evident that the Lowden vote was naturally drifting to the Ohio man, and on Saturday, Harding heard the whistles and bells that announced his nomination.

Rushing to the hotel, I found him in the corridor, with a calm and determined look on his face. He raised his head quickly with a flash in his eyes, indicating that the battle was on.

"I will return to Washington to clean up my work. I suppose I'll have to have some sort of a biography. You had better go down and see the home folks at Marion. You may not find much that is startling—but get the facts. Do not put a halo on my head. You must not seem excessive in your enthusiasm, because that would tend to make me out a very different person from what I really am. You know me well enough to understand that we are just plain folks."

Marion with its Main Street, churches on one side and schools on the other; moving picture houses, factories, and many comfortable homes, surrounding the old stone courthouse, was gay with bunting, even the lamp posts were not overlooked.

Making my way to the "Little Gray Home" on Mount Vernon Avenue, I witnessed the early setting of the scenes of an Ohio presidential porch campaign, suggestive of McKinley days at Canton.

Gravitating to the office of the *Marion Star*, the sniff of benzine and the busy activities of getting out the paper furnished an atmosphere of realism for describing Warren Harding's career. On the walls of his editorial nook, I deciphered instructions printed as to the policy of his newspaper, which was reflected all through his public life:

"Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in every-

body, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering tell the story as it is. Treat all parties alike. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative. Above all, be clean, and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child."

Over a roadway now known as Harding Highway, my automobile swept on to a hamlet christened Corsica—consisting of a store on the corner and a gigantic street lamp. From the directions given—"A half mile up the road, two rods east of the windmill,"—I found the site of the little farm house in Blooming Grove, where Warren G. Harding was born on November 2, 1865. The mother, Phoebe Dickerson, was a Van Kirk of Dutch ancestry, and the father descended from the Hardings who had settled in Connecticut soon after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth; but there was no thoughts of ancestry, at the busy time when Warren G. Harding first saw the light of day.

The Harding family moved to Caledonia where young Warren began the printer's trade in the Argus office, and became a member of the Caledonia Brass Band, trying his cornet on Swanee River before he knew the scales. Here he passed the formative years that count so much in the life of American youth.

(Cornet Solo—"Swanee River")

After graduating from high school, he attended Central Ohio College and edited the college newspaper. In 1882 he received a degree and bade his college mates goodbye, with his diploma and a printer's rule in his pocket. Starting for Marion, the county seat, he determined to become a neditor. His failure as an insurance agent, trying to earn some quick money to start his newspaper, occasioned the decision that the way to start was to start, and he secured a job on the *Daily Pebble*, a predecessor of the *Marion Star*, which was beginning to flicker.

With two companions he decided to purchase the waning *Star*. Although changing its policies, he started in to make a real home paper and organized a baseball club realizing that a country editor must become a part of the popular activities in his community.

Then entered the slender and energetic young bride, Florence Kling Harding, who helped to give the *Star* a permanent place in the newspaper firmament—because she gathered in the pennies.

(Orchestra and Soprano Solo from "Orange Blossoms")

In 1889 a rival editor aroused young Harding by suggesting that his party did not have fit candidates to complete a ticket. Harding accepted the challenge and was a nominee for county auditor—his first fling in politics. He was defeated and here began his philosophy of life—"Success is often built on preliminary failures—spurring on to real achievement."

From this time on Warren G. Harding was a personal force in Ohio politics.

Now we "cut forward" as they say in the "talkies," to the lively scenes of the presidential campaign of 1920 in Harding's home city.

Delegations from all over the country greeted him on his front porch in Marion. Brass bands played night and day, as visitors on foot and delegations in motor cars were greeted by the candidate and his wife. Among the campaign slogans was "Back to Normalcy."

On November 2, 1920 he celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday at a family dinner, and received the returns announcing that he had been elected President of the United States. As President-elect he made a trip to Texas to come close to the border trouble on the Rio Grande, and later received a rousing reception at New Orleans. From this port he sailed for Panama, following a plan of obtaining first-hand information concerning his executive responsibilities. A stirring welcome awaited him from the workers in the Canal Zone, as he inspected the work. Panamanians joined them in the ovations.

(Orchestra—"Panamanian Hymn")

Under the witching tropical moonlight a dinner given by the President of Panama was like a scene from an opera, but the band continued to play "Avalon" as the President-elect and his wife drove away in a carriage of state over the cobblestones of old Panama associated with the romantic days of adventure on the Spanish main.

(Jazz Orchestra plays "Avalon")

Early in the campaign, Harding announced that he would ask his running mate, Calvin Coolidge, to participate in Cabinet meetings, establishing a new precedent.

And now, the great after election problem of selecting a Cabinet.

When announced, it was hailed as one of strong men, including Charles Evans Hughes, Andrew Mellon, Herbert Hoover, John W. Weeks and James J. Davis, who still continued on in succeeding administrations. There were others whom it was felt, later betrayed the faith and confidence the President had unreservedly reposed in them, for he realized that he had to rely upon others to help him.

He insisted upon doing away with elaborate inauguration ceremonies planned, realizing the distressing conditions of the country, with five million men out of work and everyone at sea financially, while a wave of bankruptcies and threatening panic swept over the land. Empty railroad cars were tragic reminders of industrial stagnation. It was considered a more critical period for the country than any time since the Civil War. Major strikes and a period of helplessness seemed to spread over the country.

The first Inaugural address to be broadcast was that of President Harding. His cheery voice rang out with uncanny clearness to far-distant cities, while one hundred thousand people on the Capitol grounds heard every word through the giant amplifiers.

Once across the threshold of the White House, President Harding grappled with the problem of an Emergency tariff bill, feeling that the essential thing was to provide work for the idle millions and restore confidence. The war had increased the country's debt by staggering billions and he inaugurated the first Budget System for a check on government expenses. The appalling post war adjustments and period of deflation, Harding met fearlessly, but did not overlook the shrinking pay envelope when he declared.

"Capital and labor have a great rehabilitation problem. The problem must be settled to the best interests of all. I would not have the wages of a single American workman cut, but would demand, and we must have, a full day's work for a full day's pay."

One of his first chief concerns was the Veteran's Bureau, to care for the soldiers of the World War. He made a trip to New York and landed at Hoboken Pier where the khaki-clad boys had embarked for overseas, and there saw the bodies of six thousand soldiers that had been brought home, draped in Stars and Stripes. Tears filled his eyes, and his voice grew husky as we heard him speak those memorable words: "It must not be again. It must not be again. It shall not be again."

His reception in New York was a repetition of Armistice Day demonstrations. Among the speakers at the banquet were Hoover and Coolidge—two of his successors. Here President Harding again foreshadowed policies he carried out, now firmly established, when he said:

"No people, no race, no continent, can live within itself alone. In our efforts to establish industrial justice we must see that the wage earner is placed in an economically sound position. His lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his house a home, enough to ensure that the struggle for existence will not crowd out hope and the things that make life worth the living."

Later he attended the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, a most imposing spectacle, and his address reflected the flint of determination of his New England forbears in announcing further plans of public improvements.

In his address broadcast by radio at Arlington at the ceremonies attending the burial of the Unknown Soldier, President Harding touched the war-worn heart of the world. Following the lull of two minutes when the activities of the nation ceased, the voice of the President, audible in deep emotion, concluded with the Lord's Prayer, in which the people in far distant cities joined, and thus actually participated in a President's address.

This impressive event was a fitting overture for one of the great achievements of President Harding. He had invited the allied nations to meet in Washington to discuss a startling program for the Limitation of Armament and settlement of the vexatious Far Eastern question.

On November 12, 1921, the representatives of those nations gathered in Memorial Hall in Washington. President Harding



left his desk in the White House to deliver a welcome that opened wider the door for a world peace. He quoted from Scripture the words:

"Even as nobleness enkindleth nobleness, so will hope enkindle hope," and repeated the age-old dream of the prophet Isaiah:

"When nations shall not lift up sword against nations, neither shall they learn war any more."

When he had finished, Premier Briand of France impulsively grasped his hand, while Balfour of England took the other. He then turned the gavel over to Charles Evans Hughes. The delegates around the square green-top table were thrilled, as the world was startled, by the statement of Secretary Hughes declaring that acting on behalf of the President of the United States and the American delegation he was ready to submit a concrete agreement covering a period of not less than ten years when there should be no further construction of capital or battle ships. This was the beginning of the Peace Pact and the Outlawry of War—an outstanding triumph of the Harding administration.

The Conference continued with the discussions of representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, China, Netherlands and Japan, who signed the great compact, while flags of nine nations entwined overhead, greeted the sunlight of a historic day.

Fearlessly facing the farm problem in the West, industrial and labor deflations, Harding now began to understand that some of his so-called friends were wavering.

Meeting the great railroad strike courageously on the eve of the November elections, he knew full well the results of the injunction issued by the Department of Justice. He was compelled to cut 100,000 people from Uncle Sam's payroll and he made no appointments to fill these vacancies. The appalling disclosures of the aircraft report and Shipping Board entanglements involved the liquidation of billions of dollars to be carried through while the fervor of war graft was still warm.

"Some day," he said, "people may understand what some of my friends have done in critical times when I depended so much on them."

Coming out strong for the World Court despite the advice of some political advisers, he insisted that no political party should seek self advantage, declaring that party rivalry should stop at the shores of the high seas.

When the skies began to clear in June, 1923, he planned his transcontinental tour, which was to include a trip to Alaska, returning via the Panama Canal and the Virgin Islands, following his purpose of having information first-hand and obtain a perspective on conditions involving executive decisions.

Freer from major strikes or industrial disturbances than it had been for many years, the country was enjoying a return of prosperity. The public debt had been reduced \$500,000,000 with plans for a reduction of a half billion that has followed each succeeding year. The indebtedness

of Great Britain was funded on a sound basis; government expenditures were reduced three billion dollars the first fiscal year of the Harding administration, which closed with a surplus of over three hundred millions and further encouraged the people to look forward confidently to continued good times and a reduction of heavy tax burdens.

How prone we are to forget in the prosperous days that have followed the pioneer work of President Harding, the turning point for a later era of unexampled prosperity which Secretary Hughes so thoroughly summarized in these words:

"President Harding exhausted himself in service, a martyr in fidelity to the interests of the people for whom he labored with passionate devotion. He was President of the people, indulging no consciousness of superiority. Nothing human was alien to him, and he had 'the divine gift of sympathy.' He wrought mightily for the prosperity of the nation and for the people of the world, but he clothed the exercise of power with the beautiful garment of gentleness. If the American life with all its possibilities of conflict and turmoil is to be worth living it must be lived in the spirit of brotherly understanding of which Warren Harding will ever be an exemplar in high office."

When we started on the western trip I saw the list of the various speeches he planned to deliver in face to face talks with the people covering every phase of national questions pertinent to their respective localities. On the first stop at St. Louis, he addressed International Rotary on Fellowship which seemed to dispel partisan prejudice.

Mrs. Harding's favorite song "A Perfect Day" was sung and played. In the audience was a little girl of fourteen, Miss Helen Musick, who will sing it for us today, with the memory of the kindly face of the first President she ever met.

(Soprano Solo—"A Perfect Day")

On into the plains of Kansas, he discussed dirt farming in the harvest fields. In the queen city of Denver he addressed himself to the frontier spirit of friendliness. On a day of Sunday rest in the wonderland of Yellowstone, he heard the rushing waters of the Falls, suggesting the diapason of a great organ, echoing a magna chord of peace.

Passing up the gang plank of the good ship "Henderson" at Tacoma, the President turned to me and said: "Only four more speeches to write—now for a glorious holiday that will remind us of our wonderful trip to Panama, sailing towards the farthest north frontier of the country."

The Navy Band on board against protest insisted on playing an aria of classic remembrance known as:

(Orchestra—Background—"Yes We Have No Bananas")

The tour had a specific official purpose to untangle the Alaskan puzzle. The party included Secretary Hoover, Secretary Work and Secretary Wallace—three members of

the Cabinet who had to do directly with the questions of conservation of natural resources in the public domain. Governing Alaska then involved the authority of five Cabinet offices and twenty-eight bureaus. "And Alaska still lives" grimly commented Harding, in noting the fact.

Through the primeval forests fringing the Inland Passage, the floating White House greeted the first glorious Alaskan sunset at ten o'clock at night. The President spoke one expressive word "Wonderful!" "By the dawn's early light" a native Indian band welcomed him by playing "The Star Spangled Banner" while the Psimpsian Indian converts of Fr. Duncan of the island of Annette, whose grandfathers and grandmothers were cannibals, welcomed the first President who had ever visited Alaska. The children had built an arch on which was inscribed "God Bless our President" and the choir sang "The Hallelujah Chorus" from "The Messiah" while the President, raising the Stars and Stripes, commemorated a memorable Alaskan event of 1867.

Into the placid waters of Resurrection Bay with its perpendicular pillars of mountains, now renamed the Harding Gateway, the President boarded a solid Pullman train and traveled over a railroad built and owned by the Government, a thousand miles to the Arctic Circle and back amid the sombre, melancholy splendors of Alaska, passing through valleys covered with verdure that resembled our prairies of the west. At Anchorage, approaching midnight the people flocked from their bungalow homes surrounded by luxuriant vegetable and flower gardens. In that uncanny yellow sheen of mingled dusk and dawn, the President remarked: "I don't know whether to address you good people by wishing you 'Good morning' or 'Good evening.'"

On the borders of the Arctic Circle President Harding made up the forms of a Fairbanks daily newspaper. Smoking his pipe in this editorial office, he reflectively commented: "This is a seemly place to take a reckoning, we are turning southward again, having seen Alaska, our country's great reserve for dauntless pioneers."

Laying aside the pencil with which he was writing another speech, while at Seward, the President suggested with a twinkle in his eye, "Joe, let's play hookey this morning." Walking down Main Street, he stopped to talk to the children playing about, who little realized then that they were greeting the President. They adorned him with flowers, telling him that a "really true" President was down on the ship. "What's your name?" he asked a little girl with blonde curls. "Beulah." "That's a beautiful name, it reminds me of a song we used to sing in Sunday School."

(Mixed Quartet—"Beulah Land")

Like a phantom ship, the "Henderson" slipped into the old Russian capital of Sitka. The bells of the quaint old mission church were chiming as the President walked among the totem poles, which, like the Sphinx, looked down from the centuries.

(Chimes of Mission Church)

One of the most inspiring sights I have ever looked upon was the ovation given President Harding by the Canadians at Vancouver. It had that something about it that made us physically feel the waves of sincere affection pouring out toward him. When he arose, he said: "While I may not call you fellow citizens, I can call you fellow Americans and neighbors, the sort of neighbors who can borrow eggs over the back fence, and still remain friends."

On the walls of my memory is hung the picture of Harding as I saw him that evening. Tall—six foot one, handsome, ruddy skin, blue eyes, prominent features, with a shock of prematurely gray hair, we cynical newspaper men commented that night that he was the handsomest looking man we had ever seen, in full evening dress, with eyes sparkling with merriment and a kindly smile that began with the mouth and radiated upward. The next day I observed dark lines under his eyes and yellowing of the skin, which indicated he was far from a well man. In fact, he had said months before: "This is a man-killing job, and I may not live out my term." That is why he was so anxious to have the Vice-President, Calvin Coolidge, in close touch with his work in his cabinet room.

On the way to Seattle our ship was in collision with a destroyer and out of his sick bed rushed the President, anxiously waiting through leaden moments of suspense to know the fate of the sailor lads—and not until he heard the news that all was well, would he retire.

Arriving at Seattle on the hottest day of the year, an effort was made to keep him in bed; but the President responded to the pleas of the people of Seattle, who had gathered by tens of thousands to welcome him. It was a long weary day, but he kept on "smiling through."

That night he fell desperately ill, as the train speeded southward. Disappointed crowds hovered about the train with the President on board fighting the last great battle of his life. On Sunday morning he was helped from the train in San Francisco, as the cameras caught the last likeness taken of the beloved features of Warren Harding. Crowds thronged about the Palace Hotel, where there was a hush of stillness, while the country in suspense—waited for news from the bedside—with hopes and prayers. Then came the sunset at the Golden Gate on August 2, 1923, while listening to his beloved wife reading to him a glowing tribute of affection and love from a brother editor—in the twinkling of an eye, after the words "Go on!"—he passed to eternal rest. In the midst of preparations for a joyous welcome, San Francisco was the first to pay its tribute to the honored dead.

The music of his favorite hymn "Nearer, My God to Thee" continued on in one endless refrain, as the train bearing the remains moved on to the East across the con-

tinental through an avenue of sorrow and mourning.

Every man, woman and child in America on that day felt a pang of personal loss in the passing of Warren G. Harding—and that was only six years ago.

(Quartet at distance—"Nearer, My God to Thee")

Lying in state at the Rotunda in the Capitol where Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and the Unknown Soldier had been honored, the perfume of the mountain of flowers filled the air.

Another night's journey home and Ohio was to receive back the remains of her illustrious son. A simple prayer, a hymn, as the activities of a nation were stilled, and the people in silence honored the memory of President Harding.

Out of the shadows of the tomb came a solitary figure in black, the beloved wife, upheld by the sympathy and love of a mourning world. She had heard his last words, "Go on!"

In the offing gathered the tempests of the Teapot Dome following Harding's death, containing much political fire, but the ends of justice have been served, as friends of the real Harding feel that he would have firmly carried them out—had he lived.

In a few brief months, Mrs. Harding too passed on, and despite the demons that would destroy our faith in God, our faith in humanity and our faith and appreciation of the greatness, goodness and gentleness of our after-war President, Warren G. Harding, Justice holds the scales in grateful memory of a President endeared with the undying love of his fellow man. It is President Calvin Coolidge, his successor in office, who places the name of Warren Harding beside that of Abou Ben Adhem as one who had led all the rest, in his love of fellow men. Listen to the eloquent, well-measured words of Calvin Coolidge in his estimate of Warren Harding and his administration:

"President Harding caught the ear of a war-tired world. He called our country back to paths of peace and gladly it came. He beckoned the nations to come and sit in council. He pointed them the way to peace. He set an example of readiness to cast away the sword from the arm of

might. He sought for men and nations a peace—the only true and lasting peace—based on justice and right. His sincerity and frankness won to his side those who sensed the great truth of human brotherhood. So he led the way to the monumental accomplishment of the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament.

\* \* \*

"The same simplicity and directness marked his program in domestic affairs. His was the steady, strong, inspiring hand of guidance and helpfulness. He gave without remorse of his own strength, down to the tragic end. He rose above misunderstandings and misrepresentations, but he was curiously incapable of hard feeling toward those who were unfair with him.

"The conviction was felt everywhere that he was one of the men best fitted to serve a distracted world in a difficult period of its history.

"Remembrance holds before us the picture of his patience, forbearance, faith and Christian tolerance. Those are rare virtues, too seldom found among the men who have the strength to rise to high places. They are the virtues that men need to seek and cultivate in these years of stress in the world. They point the way to salvation for men, for nations, for humanity itself."

(Mixed Quartet—"There is No Death")



The late Mrs. Warren G. Harding at the Executive Mansion



# Major Byers, the Soldier-Poet, at 93

*The last surviving member of General Sherman's staff on his "March to the Sea." Major S. H. M. Byers at 93 continues to woo the muse, crowning his notable career as Diplomat, Soldier, Poet and Grand Old Man of California and Iowa*

By E. HARVEY SLAGLE

THE numbers of the "Old Guard," of Civil war days is fast diminishing. Those who still remain among us are all far past the "three-score-and-ten" years allotted to man, therefore we should remember those still among the living.

In Hollywood at 2914 Sunset Place lives the last surviving Staff Officer of General Sherman's famous "March To The Sea," which appellation came from the stirring song written while in Libby Prison by the subject of this sketch, Major S. H. M. Byers, now in his 93rd year.

Major Byers is a Lawyer, Soldier, Diplomat, Author and Poet, and is still hale and hearty, and physically and mentally alert as a recent volume of poems from his pen, entitled, "In Arcadia," will testify.

It is as wonderful a book of early California romances of Dons and senoritas as has come from the press in many a day. It is a far cry from the horrors of war to the soft music of poetry, but in this case, Major Byers has made this come to pass.

He has shown that "Peace hath her victories no less than war." He says, "Although my life has been a long and active one in many lines of endeavor, my first and greatest love has been for poetry."

He is author of many books, notably: "The Honeymoon," his war book, "With Fire And Sword," his "Twenty Years in Europe," and "Happy Isles," and "The Bells of Capistrano," his longest poem, all of which have been favorably received. He is widely known as Iowa's soldier-diplomat, and poet having written her State song—"Song of Iowa."

He entered the war as a private soldier, serving four years, part of the time in that "hell-hole," of Libby Prison, from which he escaped. He won successive promotions, and at the end of the war was attached to General Sherman's staff in the Carolinas.

He was the young officer who, for his bravery and daring was the one selected by the General to pass the enemy lines and carry to the President the first news of the taking of Carolina's Capitol.

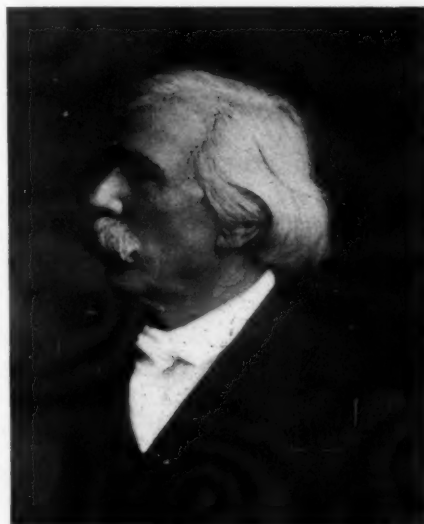
It was while in Libby Prison that he wrote his stirring song, of "Sherman's March To The Sea." One must, indeed, have been filled with optimism to have penned these lines under such adverse circumstances.

Throughout that great campaign from Atlanta to Savannah, the soldiers of the Western army shouted its notes and marched to its music.

"And the stars in our banner shown brighter,  
When Sherman marched down to the sea."

A few years after the war Major Byers was appointed Consul to Zurich, Switzerland, and he remained in the diplomatic service for twenty years, earned repeated promotions, was Consul General to Rome, Italy, and later had the same rank in Switzerland.

During all this time, and to the present day, he has been engaged in writing for magazines and newspapers, and publishing numerous books of his own in prose and verse.



Major S. H. M. Byers

Major Byers is intensely loyal to California. He sings of her rugged mountains, and peaceful valleys, her Missions and her music, her birds and flowers, her romance and her colorful history. The "Bells of Capistrano," is his masterpiece and opens with a vivid picture of the "Old Mission," which was dedicated Nov. 1, 1776, and was destroyed by an earthquake on Dec. 8, 1812.

"Wouldst see a ruin of enchanting beauty,  
And hear the story of its old-time splendor,  
When all the land along the coast was Spanish,  
Save the wild natives bivouacked in the forests?

Then turn thy steps to San Juan Capistrano,  
Go there by moonlight, almost any season  
There is no winter in that golden Climate,  
Where blooms the rose in April and December.

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Then came the day that made this place a ruin—  
When all the coast of the Pacific Ocean,  
For one short, awful moment, rocked and trembled

And all the Missions shook to their foundations.

But this one most felt yonder earthquake's coming,

The twilight mass of a December morning  
Was being sung there in the finished temple  
When all at once the Church-dome rocked a little,

The roof spread open, showed the sky above it,  
Then with a crash, the whole fell down together."

In his poem, "La Favorita," he shows a dainty touch in keeping with his theme:

"'Twas in the golden summertime,  
There where the summers longest stay,  
A Friar pilgrim sought to climb  
The mountain road to Monterey.

The purple winds of morning found  
The golden poppies everywhere,  
And by the sea and on the land  
The roses scented all the air."

In "Florieta," he thus writes of Monterey by the sea, at one time the Capital of California:

"Outside the bay the mighty ocean rolled  
In liquid mountains or in glistening sea,  
And moonlight nights some wondrous story told;

To listening forests and to meadowed lea;  
And lovers, walking in the moonlight, heard  
Their sweetheart's voices when the sea was stirred.

Such was the scene, where the fair city stood,  
By poets called, "The City of Fair Dreams,"  
Between the forests and the shining flood:  
And even now, to stranger's eyes, there seems  
Some lingering glory of that happy day  
When all was merry in Old Monterey."

He has not forgotten San Diego, for he wrote the poem, "At San Diego," in which we get a glimpse of the splendor that was, and the ruins of the Mission of today:

"I hear the bells, the mission bells  
Of San Diego town;  
Across the bay the echo swells  
And over the hills so brown.  
Changed, changed is all save yonder sea;  
And yonder mountains brown,  
The breaker's deep-toned symphony  
When the tide is going down,  
And the voices of the mission bells  
Of San Diego town."

He writes of the "Feast of the Pinion Tree," which the red men held every year at nut-gathering time, in the autumn. The Pinion tree was held sacred by the early California Indians, and many a white man has lost his life for cutting it down. It is known as the pine-nut-tree, and the cones, which are about a foot long, are opened by holding them in the fire, as did the Indians at feast time.

Continued on page 418

# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

FRANK A. ARNOLD

*Director of Development The National Broadcasting Company*

THE past year 1930 has been epoch making, in that it has marked the high peak of interest to date in radio broadcasting, together with the largest volume of receiving sets sold in the history of the industry. Frank A. Arnold of the National Broadcasting Company after making and 8,500-mile tour commented on Radio as his heart throb.

As the result of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with this field, covering, during the past twelve months, many of the most important centers East of the Rocky Mountains, I am prepared to state without qualification that Radio is the greatest factor from the outside that is today entering the American home.

Twelve million homes in the United States are at this moment supplied with radio receiving sets, sufficiently modern and up-to-date to receive acceptably universal broadcasts. This constitutes the largest potential audience in the world; available at any time to the speaker whose personality or magnetism can gather all, or a large portion of these families together at a given time. There comes to me a very strong reaction as to the practical way in which these twelve million families are making use of radio. No longer is there a promiscuous turning of the dial with a hodgepodge of results, but more and more certain worthwhile programs are looked forward to, and heard regularly, and plans for these broadcasts are made in much the same way that one anticipates attending some great musical or dramatic event.

I see everywhere a growing acceptance of network broadcasting, bringing as it does, the world's choicest programs within easy geographical reach of the individual set, no matter where located. There is also a marked tendency toward an appreciation on the part of this huge audience of better programs,—programs that in quality and performance approximate the best. In passing, one might add that this is a distinct advance from the time only a few years ago, when almost anything of a musical character got by as acceptable to the radio audiences. This matter of educating the great masses of the American people to an appreciation of high standards, is one of the important functions of radio broadcasting.

There is a marked appreciation on the part of the unseen audience for the spon-

sored program. The universal appreciation is undoubtedly due in large measure, to the high grade programs that are furnished. That is a very important trend in radio broadcasting and makes possible in its final results, a wider expansion in the field of development, and increasing better programs.

Speaking broadly, the tendencies of broadcasting are toward a favorable consideration of all the elements that enter into giving the best, most intelligent, and most widely distributed service possible. It is very likely that many changes and modifications will take place during the ensuing months,—probably as many if not more than in the twelve months just past.

A paragraph taken from one of the many thousands of letters received every month by the National Broadcasting Company, expresses the general appreciation of Radio on the part of the great unseen audience. Mr. Arnold gave the following as his heart favorite selection written by a Radio fan.

"I am a gift from the World's laboratories. I am a fruit of the patience and wisdom of the scientist. I emanate from centers of refinement. I travel in the skies, over rivers and mountains. I reach the lonely, the sick and those who long for uplift. I bring them good cheer, education and recreation. I am the World's newest form of entertainment, its most modern method of communication, its greatest medium for unifying and uplifting forces, I am RADIO."

ROBERT M. LEACH

*Former President of the National Association of Stove Manufacturers finds a hearth-stone heart thrill in the "House by the Side of the Road"*

During the World War I saw much of Captain Robert M. Leach of the Ordnance Department, a live, wide-awake business man of the right kind of metal, giving every ounce of energy to his work. He was then president of the National Association of Stove Manufacturers, and was known as "Bob" Leach by friends and associates. Since that time he has been in Congress and a candidate on the Republican ticket for Lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, and has taken quite a part in national affairs.

His public spirit is manifested in the park which he presented to the city of Taunton. It is located in Weir Village, north of his factory where old grain elevators had stood for nearly one hundred years. It is known as Walker Memorial Park in honor of his father-in-law.

The successor of the old-fashioned fireplaces in the American kitchen is the stove and the making of stoves enters right into the heart of the American home life. It was not strange that Captain Leach should give me as his favorite poem "The House by the side of the Road" by Sam Walter Foss, which brought back a picture of the old home in Franklin, N. H., where he was born in 1879.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran;  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban;  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
The men who are faint with the strife.  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—  
Both parts of an infinite plan;  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Robert Leach was educated at Phillips Andover Academy and Dartmouth. Armed with his diploma he made his entry into the business world as a shipping clerk and later became sales manager and one of the leading spirits of the historic Taunton stove foundry district, where ranges have been made ever since ranges have been known in the American home, until he now supplies a large percentage of the stoves and ranges in New England.

CHANNING HARRIS COX

*The former Governor of Massachusetts indicates that there are few poems that equal the charm of "The Village Blacksmith"*

In a school house in Manchester, N. H. in the city of his birth, young Channing Cox never had to be invited twice to recite on Friday afternoon if the teacher would give him a chance to declaim "The Village Blacksmith." The poem was a favorite of his early youth and remains so to this day. Even during his undergraduate days at Dartmouth when he sang the old college song "Set the watch, let not tradition fail"



he would fall back on "The Village Blacksmith" for a quotation to adorn his oration.

After graduating from the Harvard Law School in 1904, he began the practice of law in Boston and took an early fling in politics, finding himself a member of the General Court in 1910. Five years later he was Speaker of the House of Representatives and then Lieutenant-Governor and Governor for two terms.

One of his hobbies has been the Boy Scout movement, in which he served on the Boston Council for many years.

After retiring from the Governor's chair, he became vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, but even in the increasing responsibilities he was never too busy to give a smile of recognition when the lines of his favorite poem were repeated.

"There seems to be only a few of those good old poems left that will nestle in the memory and bring the mind a picture that remains ever vivid and refreshing, no matter what the surroundings or environment may be."

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
Now in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees its close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

\* \* \*

L. H. BAILEY

*The Eminent Agriculturalist Authority of Cornell includes a Cluster of Favorites with "The Chamber Nautilus" by Oliver Wendell Holmes leading*

Near South Haven, on the shores of Lake Michigan, a boy wandered through the woods and fields, becoming familiar with the

call of birds, the habits of little animals, of even the ferocious cry of wild folk of the forest; for in that time when he was born—in 1858—his family and neighbors were passing through pioneer experiences. This boy developed a tremendous interest and acquired a vast knowledge of the life about him; his parents gave him unusual guidance not knowing, however, that he was destined to become one of the great horticulturists of his time, a lecturer, editor and teacher. At the age of fifteen Liberty Hyde Bailey wrote an article about the fruit trees of the region which was published by the Michigan Pomology Society.

Field and forest, lake and stream were the schools that gave him his first impulses toward what was to be a life study and at the Michigan Agricultural College he took up a more systematic course in botany. He was the first man to make a study of the sand dunes in the area of Lake Michigan—a subject which has always attracted scientists.

The eminent student had grown to love plants in an almost personal way and when he was offered an editorship on a big newspaper, he chose instead to become assistant to Asa Gray at Harvard University at a mere pittance—a thing that proved him a genius at heart. He soon became a productive writer and a keen interpreter of nature and wrote poetic books that are good company on the shelf with Emerson, Thoreau and Burroughs.

It is to Dean Bailey's influence and knowledge that New York owes a debt of gratitude for the high standard of the State Agricultural College at Cornell. Travel in Munich, New Zealand, Japan and China brought a knowledge of the flora of these countries as well as a friendship with the leading botanists of the world. Medals of importance have been awarded the Professor in return for his valuable contributions to science.

Lecturing and editing still gave time for Dean Bailey to serve as chairman on Roosevelt's Commission on Country life and to produce articles and books—among the best known being Horticulture Series, Rural Science series, Plant Breeding, Native Fruits, Outlook to Nature, the State and the Farmer.

Dean Bailey said in answer to my query about his favorite poem:

"So many poems and pieces of inspired prose have entered my life that I cannot name any one of them as clearly more important than others. Some of them appeal to the emotions and others to the sense of beauty. Milton's 'Lycidas,' Lanier's 'Marshes of Glynn,' Whitman's 'Open Road,' Matthew Arnold's 'Buried Life,' Rossetti's 'Blessed Damozel' and Holmes' 'Chambered Nautilus' are amongst those that are ever with me."

\* \* \*

#### THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign  
Sailed the unshadowed main  
The eventurous bark that flings  
On the summer winds its perfect wings  
In gulfs enchanted where the siren sings  
And coral reefs lie bare  
Where the cold sea-maidens rise to sun their  
streaming hair

Its webs o' fliving gauze no more unfurl  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell  
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell  
As the fragile tenant shaped his growing shell  
Before thee lies revealed  
Its irised ceiling rent, its seamless crypt  
unsealed.

\*\*\* \* \* \* \*  
Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee  
Child of the wandering sea  
Cast from her lap forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn  
While on mine ear it rings  
Through the deep waves of thought I hear a  
voice that sings,—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low vaulted past.

Let each new temple nobler than the last  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast  
'Till thou, at length art free  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-  
resting sea.

\* \* \*

WILLIAM S. PALEY

*The President of the Columbia Broadcasting Company quotes from Shelley's "To a Skylark"*

At the age of twenty-eight we find William S. Paley President of the Columbia Broadcasting Company and one of the important figures in the radio world. Quick thinking and quick acting, the leading spirit of the Columbia Broadcasting System knows his radio public.

Even while in the public schools in Chicago and later as a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, William S. Paley was a young man who had decided to make his own way in the world. The ink was scarcely dry upon his diploma when he was put in charge of the national advertising and production of the Congress Cigar Company. While looking about for the latest and best media for exploitation, he has thoroughly investigated almost every angle of the advertising field, and when he began using radio he had a vision and that vision crystallized into action and he secured a large interest in the company in its early struggling days, of which he later sold fractions thereof for much more than his original purchase price, demonstrating that he was first of all a good business man.

A student of Economics and of people, he began building policies and programs for his broadcasting company that impressed the widespread public reached by radio. Here he found his early training of distinct advantage; for he began broadcasting public events in a most elaborate scale, including presidential inaugurations, the trip of the Graf Zeppelin, which carried an exclusive Columbia Broadcasting correspondent, World Series and football games. When the President utilized his System for a remarkable speech from Washington, Mr. Paley's modest introduction was characteristic of the man who had more than carried out all the promises he had made to radio fans. The Columbia banner now has the world's largest regular network of fifty-three stations, reaching far beyond the

included stations in Canada where programs originate for broadcasting in the States.

Quiet and modest in his bearing, Mr. Paley is a dynamic force in quickly discerning the important essentials in any proposition that concerns his responsibilities. He had kept in close touch with the pulse of the people and had a laudable ambition of having a network of stations eventually that will girdle the globe itself and make his native tongue familiar to all the races of man.

For his favorite poem, Mr. Paley quotes from Shelley's "To a Sylark:"

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine;  
I have never heard  
Praise or love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

\*\*\*      \*\*\*      \*\*\*  
We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn  
Hate and pride and fear,  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the  
ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know;  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow  
The world would listen then as I am listening  
now.

\*      \*      \*  
ALICE BRADLEY

*The Cooking Editor of the Woman's Home Companion and Principal of Miss Farmer's School gives Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" as her favorite*

It is Alice Bradley, the Cooking Editor of the Woman's Home Companion, Principal of Miss Farmer's School in Boston and the author of innumerable magazine articles, who has done so much to teach us about the good things that can come out of packages, the many things possible with a vegetable, the benefits found in cans and all the marvelous handling of ingredients that can make the plainest meal seem like a "party." She has opened our minds to the importance of small matters that—after all—go far in governing our everyday lives.

"Home Economist" seems an inadequate title for the broad work that Miss Bradley has done, for she is not only teacher, dietitian, and author, but she is an active member in such important organizations as The

American and New England Home Economics Association and the Universal Food Economic Association of London.

This lecturer and writer was born in Bradford, Mass., and after graduation from the High School, she attended courses in Cooking in Boston. This ready adaptability to the important question of dietetics, led her to a course at Technology and one at the Teachers College at Columbia.

Practical work followed, such as three years of service at a Massachusetts hospital, nine years at the world-famous Miss Farmer's School and some years in a New York School. With all this activity she found time to contribute to nearly every home magazine in the country and become the author of books, Food Values, Everyday Menus, Cooking for Profit and the Candy Cook Book are the most important of these.

For her favorite poem, Miss Bradley has made a choice which will be appreciated by a vast number—Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," a poem which once heard must come to the mind of everyone who looks up at a tree. It is a poem that invites reverence.

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

\*      \*      \*

Again and again, prominent men, bankers, capitalists, professors and men of large affairs sent in Gray's "Elegy," as their favorite poem. There is music as well as fine feeling in the lines.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

And again what a wealth of sympathy and brotherhood is expressed in that other verse,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of Empire might have  
swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

We have spoken of the poems that have endured and will forever endure, but a large company of the younger generation sent in lines from the modern poets. Among them Elizabeth Jordan, author, and our friend Roxy (who needs no further title than his name), who chose a verse by John Galsworthy.

"If on a Spring night I passed by  
And God was standing there,  
This is the prayer that I should cry  
To Him,—this is the prayer:  
"O Lord, of courage grave  
O Master of this night in Spring  
Give me a heart too brave  
To ask for anything."

And so we see that poetry influences our lives and thoughts. There was a lad born in Lowell, Mass., who took a book of verses into the hemlock grove—and there he read "Thanatopsis." That lad, following the burning desire in his heart and his steadfast purpose, came to wear the robes of a cardinal. Cardinal O'Connell owns that the matchless lines of the great poem helped to shape his thoughts.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall  
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and  
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We carry poetry in our hearts almost unconsciously. Upon Armistice day when hands reach out to give and give on Poppy Day, no doubt many hundreds found themselves repeating—possibly with tears "In Flanders Field."

Who can look upon a towering pine or sturdy oak, or, listening to the rustling of silver leaves of the poplar or birch without repeating Kilmer's lines."

"Poems are made by fools like me  
But only God can make a tree."

We can hardly pass over the great poems of the world without reference to the Book of Books which contains some of the finest poems in history. The psalms and Ecclesiastes are full of poetic spirit, but that greatest of all poems,—spoken of, as such, by Rabbi Stephen Wise,—is the Book of Job.

Also the poem contains the finest bit of irony in literature, for Job, tormented with his consolers, said,

"No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you."

From no less an eminent figure in Radio than Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Co. of New York, I obtained the confession that James Whitcomb Riley was his favorite poet and that lines of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" nestled close to his heart:

"Oh childhood days enchanted,  
Oh the magic of Spring  
With all green boughs to blossom white  
And all bluebirds sing.  
When all the air, to toss and quaff  
Make life a jubilee  
And changed the children's song and laugh to  
shrieks of ecstasy."



# H. Ross Ake, the Able Treasurer of Ohio

*Distinction for distinguished service comes to modest men who hold the keys of the State Treasury and make high records of service as custodians of the public funds*

EVER since Ohio was admitted to the Union as a sovereign state, it has been an important pivotal center in national politics. The meeting place or crossroads of the first emigration from Virginia, New England and New York, Ohio represents the first transmission of American sentiment among rugged pioneers hailing from all the thirteen original colonies, scattered along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida. No sooner had the Ohio settler completed his log cabin than he gathered with his neighbors far and near for a "house warming" or barbecue in the clearings where the original "stump" speeches were launched in political campaign festivities. Even in these early days Ohioans, as adopted citizens in a new state, aspired to present presidential candidates to national conventions. The historic "Log Cabin—Hard Cider—Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaigns of 1842 resulted in the election of William Henry Harrison as President of the United States. It was the overture of Ohio's continuous quadrennial performance of providing candidates for the Presidency. Seven presidents have been the result of this established Ohio method of conducting their political affairs according to the fundamental ideas of American citizenship in building up the representative government of the Republic.

On the anniversary of the date that Daniel Boone was born, September 22, 1878, a new boy appeared in the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Ake in Osnaburg Township, located near Canton, Ohio, the home of William McKinley. Up the road half a mile was a little red brick schoolhouse which this lad began attending before he had celebrated six birthdays. It was a typical country school which was taught by college sophomores, juniors and other undergraduates who interrupted their regular work at college to earn a few dollars to complete their own education. It was evident that while young Ross Ake was attending Mt. Union College at Alliance, Ohio, he was destined for a business career. This led to his attending and graduating from the Eastman National College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Characteristic of the young man, on his graduation day he began reading law for a year and a half to be thoroughly prepared for every practical exigency in a business career. While employed as office manager for a plumbing company, he developed and installed one of the first complete office systems which indicated his ability as a business organizer.

In the meantime he was doing his bit in a political way, attending caucuses and conventions and was appointed Deputy

Treasurer of Stark County. His initial record as a public official led to his election and re-election to the office of Treasurer of Stark County for a second term. He was then appointed head of the County Taxation Department. While in this work he became secretary and treasurer and later president of the Canton, Ohio, Morris Plan Bank, which he resigned when he was appointed Treasurer of the State of Ohio by Governor Myers Y. Cooper.



H. Ross Ake, State Treasurer of Ohio

His service as Chairman of the Stark County Republican Central Committee, two terms, included a presidential, gubernatorial, congressional and county election campaigns. Later he was promoted to the State Republican Central Committee; where he served two terms until elected a member of the Ohio Senate from the twenty-first district.

It was not long after he responded to the roll at the capital in Columbus before he was serving on important Senate committees and became chairman of the State Americanization Advisory Committee, created by act of the General Assembly for the purpose of co-ordinating the Americanization work of the state, heading it up under, and making it part of, the educational system of the state. In the last year of this service, he was gratified to see thirty thousand foreign-born men and women, boys and girls, in evening schools being instructed in the English language, American Civil Government and American methods and manners generally. While little

has been said concerning this Americanization work by the press of the state and no pecuniary reward whatsoever was ever reaped from it, yet the simple satisfaction which comes from the knowledge of its accumulative good he considers about the highest remuneration which he has ever received.

Intensive political service convinced Ross Ake that no American citizen can be asked justly to forego civic rights and privileges or avoid them because of personal responsibilities and he does not feel that any connection with banking institutions with direct contacts with people, should preclude possibilities of assuming active political and civic responsibilities subject to the votes of citizens. This same spirit has demonstrated in his fraternal work as a Knight of Pythias, Loyal Order of Moose and 32nd Degree Mason and member of the Shrine. He is an Alpha Tau Omega and has a large acquaintance among educators all over the country.

For many years a member of the official board of the Methodist Church in Canton, Ohio, of which President McKinley was a member, Ross Ake served as superintendent of the Sunday School for four years. As Treasurer of one and chairman and Treasurer of the other of two committees that recently raised over two hundred thousand dollars for improvements, indicated that it was second nature for Ross Ake to take an active part in civic drives, a habit begun during the World War for the Red Cross and Liberty bonds, which will likely continue with him for a lifetime.

There was something of the atmosphere of pioneer days apparent when I visited him at the one hundred and sixty acre farm which has been in the Ake name for over one hundred and fifteen years, owned in turn by his great-grandfather, grandfather and father before him. All of the early life of Ross Ake was spent on this farm, where with his father, brother and one hired man, two farms aggregating two hundred and sixty-seven acres were operated successfully. The present State Treasurer of Ohio has done every kind of farm work known on an Ohio farm, covering a day's work that begins at four in the morning and ends with chores after dark, so it may be safely assumed he knows his farm problems. He has translated into actual experience that often regarded myth of the "Barefoot Boy" who in the wee and chilly hours of the morning aroused the sleeping cow from bovine slumbers and for the moment occupied the place where she had lain, that he might warm his dewy, shivering feet in her bed of meadow grasses,—a sort

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# Women Achieving New Stellar Glory

*Evelyn Herbert and Francine Larrimore, a twain of popular young stars holding the center of the stage in comedy, musical and otherwise*

By CARLETON HARPER

ENDOWED with many of the gifts the gods hold dear, beauty of face and figure, a full melodic voice, and a piquant charm, Evelyn Herbert is without doubt the most difficult artist to interview. Her don't-give-a-damn attitude whether it's a caprice or a pose, only *she* can explain.

For a start I asked her middle name, and when she said Katherine, I asked her whether she spelled it with a C or a K. She said "I have no idea."

Next I tackled the question of her favorite poet and began to glow with enthusiasm when Miss Herbert said "Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Now we are arriving, I thought; but when the choice of a poem was requested we were again at sea. "I love them all" she said. "Many times when reading through my little book of Elizabeth Barrett's poems, I have tried to select one that I liked more than another, but it's impossible." "Can't you decide by the process of elimination?" I enquired, but she shook her head.

"Perhaps you will tell me your favorite role in the operettas, perchance we have a bond in common." But she had no fav-



*Evelyn Herbert, Star in "The New Moon"*

orite part—there was nothing she particularly liked or disliked, no bit of acting or trick of voice that annoyed or pleased her.

"But Miss Herbert, we are getting nowhere," I pleaded. "I am sure you are in reality a very energetic and decided young lady, but we seem to be dead-locked in a most unfortunate way. Let's begin all over again."

At that moment Mr. Halliday arrived and saved the day.

"Evelyn, you must start as far back as your memory reaches, say at the age of three—you remember at that age you were practicing to be a tight-rope walker, in the backyard of your home. You lost your balance and over you went. In sheer terror you screamed at such a pitch that you attracted the notice not only of your mother, but of all the neighbors. You were first rescued by a piano-mover, who stood you on your tiny feet and dried your eyes with his red bandana, but even the bandana couldn't smother those shrieks. He then made a discovery, 'The child will be a great singer, not a tight-rope walker.' Those are the things, dear Evelyn, the public want to know."

Miss Herbert was convulsed. "Robert," she gasped, "how can you make up such fantastic stories." But the ice was broken, and I discovered at least one fact. The greatest thrill of her career came before she went on the stage. It was during the war, and she had given her services to the Liberty Bond drive, singing such songs as "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "Where Are Our Boys Tonight?" Every song meant the sale of a one thousand dollar bond. She sang for mobs in the street, in front of the New York Public Library, the Grand Central Station and the City Hall. She often sang with the tears streaming down her cheeks, stirred by the intensity of her purpose, and the cheers of the crowd.

At this time Miss Herbert, was given a capricious little bull-terrier, and because of his petulant disposition she called him Hooch. Having come into being the same year as the eighteenth amendment, his name was most opportune.

A few years later, after many long hours of intensive study and hard labor, Evelyn Herbert made her debut with the Chicago Opera Company in the role of Mimi in *La Boheme*. Up to that time she had never appeared on any stage, and when she stepped before the foot-lights that night it was without even a dress rehearsal and with an orchestra of ninety pieces instead of her usual piano accompaniment. Her mother was sitting "out front" suffering agonies of anxiety and solicitude, but Evelyn "went on" with childish faith and ignorant of the meaning of "nerves" or "fear."

The most characteristic allurements of Miss Herbert's acting is the use of her hands. A close-up reveals slender white fingers beautifully pointed with rose-tipped nails. When she is on the stage they are constantly fluttering from a captivating

pose to an enticing gesture, and reveal a subtlety, an artistry of bearing, equal to the charm of Aphrodite.

FOR the last fifteen years I have followed the career of Francine Larrimore wondering how far this versatile young dynamo would arrive. The first time I saw her was in "Fair and Warmer."



*Francine Larrimore, Star in "Let Us Be Gay"*

She was understudying Madge Kennedy at the time, and it was Madge Kennedy I had paid my good money to see. I arrived at the theatre and was sitting in dreamy contemplation of Madge's glorious brown eyes with their elfin twinkle when the curtain rose. I was shocked into consciousness by a sprightly red-haired little vixen who seemed to exude personality, but not the variety I had chosen for my evening's entertainment—thus I started in a bad humor and against odds to form my opinion.

I next saw Miss Larrimore with Charles Cherry in "Scandal." She played the part of a temperamental little spitfire. I thought she spoke too rapidly and indistinctly and when the play came to Boston a few months later with June Walker in the road company I went to see it again, thinking I should be relieved of that little pest; but I found the performance slower-paced, calmer, and almost dull in comparison; then I began to get cross with myself.

A few years later Miss Larrimore came to Boston in "Nice People," her first play by Rachel Crothers. She played the part of a spoiled child of a wealthy family, a

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# The First Woman to Serve in Congress

*Montana, the Spanish-named state for "Mountain" furnished the first Congresswoman of the United States—Jeannette Rankin's voice the first official utterance of womenkind on the floor of Congress—Story of her career*

By JASON J. JONES

MISSOULA, Montana, has the rare distinction of being the birth-place of Miss Jeanette Rankin, the first woman in the United States to be elected to Congress. Her parents, John and Olive Rankin, settled on a homestead on Grant Creek three miles north of Missoula in the late seventies. Mr. Rankin had seen Western Montana ten years earlier. This sturdy Canadian-Scotch couple proved a valuable addition to the social and industrial life of the community. Mrs. Rankin became one of its first school teachers; Mr. Rankin, in turn, operated a sawmill, worked at the carpenter's trade and built bridges.

In 1885, when Jeanette, their first-born was a wee tot, the family moved to a new home on the corner of what is now E. Broadway and Madison Street, five blocks from Missoula's business center. Mr. Rankin then engaged in the hotel business, established the Rankin House, and managed it till his death twenty years later.

Mr. and Mrs. Rankin showed taste for art in locating the home, where the nine children to come to them were to grow to maturity. The spot was, and still is, most "beautiful for situation." Before other dwellings and shade trees obscured the outlook the Rankins had a commanding view of the beautiful little valley which Missoula heads.

This commodious old brick house, scene of many a happy party in the years long passed, stands, apparently deserted, on a little eminence overlooking Rattlesnake Creek, the source of Missoula's water supply, as it sweeps down from the north to join the river below. Directly to the east rises the bald form of Mt. Jumbo, and to the southeast stands wood-crested Mt. Sentinel, with the University of Montana nestling meekly at its base. Between them open the frowning jaws of Hellgate Canyon, from whence emerge Clarke's Fork of the Columbia, an auto highway, an inter-urban electric line, and two trans-continental railroads. A few miles to the southwest may be seen the gateway to the beautiful Bitter Root Valley and the snow-crowned dome of Mt. Lo Lo, standing like a plumed knight over the lesser elevations of the Coeur d'Alenes. The Rankin home also has a historic setting. Three famous old trails pass within a few yards of this old manse—the trail of Lewis and Clarke (1805), trail of the John Jacob Astor party (1810), and the old Mullan Road (1858).

So, having grown up in a natural environment such as surrounds her old home, it is no wonder that Miss Jeannette Rankin developed into a woman of noble ideals and high aspirations. From infancy her

world was one of beauty and grandeur. It was here she played as a little girl, ran errands for her mother, helped to look after her young sisters and brother, attended school, and grew to womanhood. When McKinley became president in the fall of 1896 Miss Rankin was a student in the academic department of the University of Montana. She graduated from that institution in 1902; next she took her degree



*Jeanette Rankin, First Congresswoman of the United States*

at the University of Washington, and later finished in the New York School of Philanthropy.

Miss Rankin was always a tireless worker. In her college work she had been thorough and painstaking, and immediately her services were in demand in the interest of various causes. For a time she did settlement work in Chicago, then she engaged in philanthropic work in California and Washington. She early espoused the cause of the national suffrage movement, became national field secretary, and traveled through the majority of the states delivering lectures. To Miss Rankin was given credit for the victory of equal suffrage in her native state in 1914. This made her very popular with the women of Montana and greatly aided her election to the lower house of Congress two years later.

In the primary election in August, 1916, Miss Rankin received 8000 votes over all opponents, which was evidence that she could not be defeated at the general elec-

tion. It has been said that she received more publicity during the campaign preceding her election than anyone else running for Congress. Leading papers in the United States and in many foreign countries made much comment on the "Maid of Montana." After her election, the press of the world was rife with predictions and prophecies as to the effect of this sudden innovation in our national life. Everywhere she was styled the "Redheaded Maiden from the West." But that was a poor guess. She never was red-headed, and she is still further from it now. Picture, if you will, a trim Colonial lady, 5 feet 5 inches in height, with large gray eyes, rosy cheeks and lips to match, and powdered hair (bobbed), then you have a true image of Miss Rankin as she now appears.

In March, 1917, Miss Rankin, "Our first Congresswoman" took her seat in the House. It was a most unfortunate time for an inexperienced woman to enter Congress. The great struggle in Europe was then at white heat, and the United States was hanging in the balances over the ominous question whether or not we too should take up arms. Imagine the strange feeling of this modest little woman, suddenly placed in an exalted and responsible position wherein no one of her sex had ever served. All about her sat men wise in the councils of our national affairs—men who had experienced many a trying situation. But there was no precedent set by any former woman by which Miss Rankin could be guided. She must use her own initiative and judgment in formulating her course.

The greatest question, perhaps, that Miss Rankin has ever been called upon to decide confronted her in one short month after she had taken oath of office, when the resolution to declare war on Germany and her allies came before the House. As the roll call proceeded it was evident, long before the R's were reached, that our country would enter the war. All eyes were turned on the one lady member; would she vote "yes" or "no?" She was seriously weighing the question, as women usually weigh such questions, from a humanitarian standpoint. When her name was called she broke down and wept. Silence reigned supreme. The clerk waited nervously. "I cannot vote for war," was Miss Rankin's final decision. She saw that war was inevitable, but her conscience said "No." The count showed 373 for war and 50 against war. The lady member had voted in the negative with forty-nine other members.

Miss Rankin served but one term in Congress. When the campaign opened in the

*Continued on page 412*

# A Vendetta of the Hills

*A graphic story of California in which the romantic past is welded to more prosaic days in a stirring and exciting plot that harks back to the time of the wild and woolly West when wrong was liable not to be legally punished, but relentlessly avenged*

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

PIERRE LUZON led Leach Sharkey along the trail. Beyond Comanche Point it dipped again owing to the contour of the mountain, then at a distance of about fifty yards, took a sharp turn round an abrupt face of rock.

"Where the hell are you taking me?" asked the sleuth, as they approached this bend.

"Only a little further," replied the guide, in a feeble, quavering voice as he glanced over his shoulder.

The men were only a few paces apart. In the shadow cast by the cliff, Pierre's pallid face with its stubby white beard looked like that of a veritable ancient, and his bent form and tottering steps completed the picture. The sleuth smiled at his momentary discomposure.

Around the turn, however, Pierre grabbed at a revolver lying ready to his hand on a ledge of rock, and when Sharkey followed, it was to find a hale and stalwart man, erect, alert, with the flash of conscious power in his eyes.

"Hands up!" cried Pierre, in a voice of stern command. Leach Sharkey was standing three short steps away and was looking now into the muzzle of a big automatic pistol. Over his countenance there stole a sickly smile. But he knew the rules of the game too well to attempt any resistance. His hands went slowly above his head until both arms were fully extended.

"You've got the drop on me all right, Jose," he murmured, in self-apology.

"Face the rock," came the next curt order—the very tone was reminiscent of old bandit days.

Sharkey obeyed in silence, and in a trice both his guns were withdrawn from their holsters and flung among the brushwood.

"You go ahead now," said Pierre, stepping aside to let the other pass. "You can drop your hands, but if you cry out or attempt to run, zen you are one dead man."

The discomfited sleuth meekly complied, although there was now a black scowl on his face as he stepped on ahead. In all his professional career, Leach Sharkey had never before fallen so ignominiously into a trap like this.

Not a word was spoken while a distance of some two hundred yards was being traversed. Then Pierre called out the one word: "Halt!"

Sharkey did not dare even to look around. He stood still as a piece of statuary.

"You sit on zat stone over zere," continued Pierre, "and do not rise until I give you permission. Now we will proceed to business."

Sharkey sat down as ordered.

"Hell, you can have your five thousand dollars right enough," he said, pulling the wallet from his pocket.

"No, my friend. I did not bring you here

to rob you. I am out on parole, and I never break my word. I am Pierre Luzon!" He spoke the name with triumphant pride.

"Good God!" exclaimed Sharkey, in dumfounded surprise. "You belonged to the White Wolf's gang?"

"I belong now to ze gang. Ze White Wolf is alive!"

Leach Sharkey had looked sick before, but a ghastly pallor came into his face now.

"Then he has got hold of Ben Thurston—at last!" he faltered.

"Yes, at last," replied Pierre, with a grim smile of joy. "Don Manuel and Ben Thurston are alone on Comanche Point just now. Zey will settle old scores—zat is zeir affair. Now, I attend to my affair."

Sharkey looked up enquiringly, but aid no more.

"Leach Sharkey," continued the old French man, "you are one strong man. You will now take ze handcuffs from your pocket—I know you carry zem—and drop zem over your shoulder. Zere, zat is right. I am glad you obey wizout giving me any further trouble. Now, you will hold out your hands, behind your back—you know exactly how."

Yes, Leach Sharkey knew exactly how. And he also knew what the business end of a big revolver meant, with the forefinger of a daring bandit like Pierre Luzon on the trigger. He was handcuffed and helpless right enough in very short order. For the first time in his life the man who had so often slipped the bracelets on others, found the bracelets around his own wrists.

"Next I want ze key of ze handcuffs," Pierre resumed. "Which pocket, please?"

Sharkey, with a downward thrust of his chin, indicated the waistcoat pocket.

"Zank you," said Pierre, as he thrust in his fingers and produced the key. "Now, we will throw zis zing away"—as he spoke it went whizzing through the air—"and when you get home to ze rancho, ze blacksmith zere will set you free."

"Oh, I'm going home, am I?" said the sleuth, considerably reassured.

"Yes, Pierre Luzon no longer rob or kill or break ze law. He keep his word of honor always. And I promised to bring Dick Willoughby to you tonight. Now I shall be true to zat promise, too."

And through his teeth he blew a shrill whistle.

At the sound Dick Willoughby started up, and shook the ashes from his pipe. Following Pierre's instructions, he led the two ponies along the little trail through the chaparral. Within five minutes he emerged on a broader trail, right at the spot where the Frenchman was standing.

"Hello, Pierre!" Then Dick's eyes fell on Leach Sharkey, and at the very first glance

he saw the shackled hands. "But what's the meaning of all this?" he asked in bewildered surprise.

"It means zat you will take zis man down ze mountains. He came to arrest you, but you can tell him now zat you are one free man. You can show him ze paper which proves it was not you, but Don Manuel, who is responsible for ze death of young Thurston."

"Great Cæsar!" muttered the sleuth, "I thought that from the first, but the old fool would not listen to me."

"Mr. Sharkey," said Dick, "you and I have no quarrel. What Pierre says is true—I have a sworn affidavit in my pocket, fixing the responsibility for that unhappy affair where it belongs."

"I believe you, Mr. Willoughby," replied the sleuth. "I'm glad you are innocent, but I was only doing my duty in trying to arrest the man charged with the crime."

"I understand all that. I bear you no ill will."

"And I'd shake hands if it were not for these damned bracelets," continued Sharkey.

"Pierre, there is no need of handcuffs," said Dick, turning to the Frenchman. "Set him free. We will go peaceably home together."

"No, no," replied Pierre, determinedly. "Leach Sharkey, he is one giant in strength. He will go home as he is. Besides, I have trown ze key away." And he laughed aloud.

Sharkey nodded in helpless admission of his sorry plight.

"Too bad," murmured Dick.

"And now," continued Pierre, "zere is no time to be lost. We will help zis man onto your pony, and you will ride my pony and hold ze leading rein."

"But he can't ride with his hands behind his back like that," objected Dick.

"Oh, yes, he can," grinned Pierre. "Ze good horseman ride wid his knees, and most of ze road you can be by his side and hold him on. And it is ze only way, for ze key, as I have said, is gone."

"I suppose we've got to accept the situation," said Dick, with a glance at Sharkey's lugubrious countenance. The man of strength was obviously crestfallen at his almost ridiculous plight of powerlessness.

Pierre resumed his instructions. "You will not go back to Comanche Point, but will take ze mule trail down into ze valley. You know it, Mr. Willoughby—it is about one mile furzer on."

"I know it," replied Dick.

"You will leave Mr. Sharkey at the rancho and zen ride to ze place where your friends are waiting for you. Now, zat is all. I must go. We have already said our adios, my dear young friend."



Dick grasped the proffered hand and warmly pressed it.

"Good-bye, Pierre. I can never thank you enough for all you have done for me. Good-bye."

Leach Sharkey was assisted into the saddle, and the horsemen started on their way.

"Good-bye," shouted back Dick Wiloughby, yet once again.

"Adios!"

And as the two figures disappeared around a bend, the Frenchman uttered a deep sigh. "A splendid young fellow! I wonder shall we ever meet again!"—this was the thought in his mind as for just a moment he stood in an attitude of deep dejection.

Then swinging around, he started back at a run for Comanche Point.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### *The Dawn of Comprehension*

ALL through the afternoon at La Siesta, Merle was in a meditative mood. After luncheon Mrs. Darlington had returned to her letter-writing and her book-keeping. Munson and Grace had departed for a walk through the pine woods, after vain but not too strenuous endeavors to get Merle to accompany them. Left to her own resources, she had retired to the drawing room, had tried to interest herself at the piano, but after a little while had given up the attempt; and, coiled in a big chair, had surrendered herself to a "big think," as she mentally termed it.

In that momentary searching of the eyes between her and Mr. Robles just before their parting in the rose garden, there had come a flash of revelation to her soul. She had divined a yearning in his gaze that was surely more than the affection of an old and devoted friend. There was passionate tenderness that belied the gentle yet almost perfunctory kiss on the brow that he had finally bestowed at parting. Nor had she failed to notice the restraint which the strong man had imposed upon himself. And strangely enough, her own momentary impulse had been to throw her arms around his neck and kiss him, just as a fond daughter might have kissed a father at such an emotional moment—on the eve of a long journey, the whither unrevealed, the return all so uncertain.

She recalled, too, their previous conversation while she was gathering the roses—his words of kindly wisdom, his little bits of advice that now seemed to be weighted by more than mere friendly interest in her future happiness. Then her mind traveled back slowly, step by step, all the way to childhood days—a long vista marked by his comings and his goings, his prolonged absences, his unexpected but always welcome reappearances, his numberless acts of thoughtful kindness. Once she had been seriously ill, when a little girl, and the memory of that illness had ever been the memory of his face hovering over her cot, night and day, till the crisis had been passed and she had been on the way to assured convalescence.

There had always been an air of mystery about Mr. Robles, but she had never sought to penetrate it, instinctively recognizing that there had been some great sorrow in his life, and almost unconsciously accepting the affectionate regard he had lavished on Grace and herself as some sort of consolation for him

in his loneliness. She knew that Grace was only her sister in name, but none the less Grace was to her a real sister, just as Mrs. Darlington was a real mother—the only mother she had ever known. Weaving together now the threads of memory, she became conscious of the mystery in her own life. There was assuredly some fuller story than the story she had been told in the past and had always tacitly accepted—that her parents had been neighbors and dear friends of Mrs. Darlington in the long ago, and when they had died, the baby girl left behind had been bequeathed to her motherly care.

At this stage in her ruminations Merle sat bolt upright in her chair. The shadows of evening were beginning to close around her, but the dawn of revelation was in her heart.

Would Mrs. Darlington still be alone in her boudoir? Merle answered the unspoken thought by stealing from the room.

Yes, Mrs. Darlington was at her writing table, lighted now by candles on each side which, covered by little red shades, only dimly illuminated the apartment. Merle flitted in without her coming being observed.

Mrs. Darlington was no longer writing—her elbows were resting on the table and both hands were covering her eyes in an attitude of deep thought, perhaps of sleep, as Merle for a moment imagined when she had noiselessly gained her side.

"Mother dear," she said softly, laying a hand on her shoulder.

"You here, my child?" exclaimed Mrs. Darlington. There was no trace of slumber in her eyes.

"Yes, and I want to have a little talk with you—all alone," said Merle, as she dropped into a chair, the very chair which Mr. Robles had previously occupied.

The look of vague sadness and anxiety in Mrs. Darlington's face deepened.

"What about, dear?" she asked.

Merle's mind had been made up, and she came to the issue with point-blank abruptness.

"Is Mr. Robles my father?"

The startled look on the other's face was almost in itself an admission of the truth—Mrs. Darlington had been caught off her guard. But she made a desperate attempt to parry the question.

"What makes you fancy such a thing?" she faltered.

"Because there is certainty in my heart," replied Merle bravely. "It came to me first when he bade me good-bye in the garden. And now I see it in your face."

The young girl dropped on her knees, and, an arm around her mother's waist, gazed up imploringly.

Eyes met eyes. Falsehood was impossible in either case. Mrs. Darlington stooped and folded the kneeling girl in a fond embrace. Both were weeping now. No word had been spoken, but Merle knew that she had correctly divined.

It was a few minutes before there was sufficient self-control for the conversation to be resumed. But then, Merle still kneeling by her side, Mrs. Darlington spoke:

"I had promised to keep this secret, dear," she began, fondling the girl's tresses. "But you have gained your knowledge apart from me, so I cannot be held to have betrayed my trust. Yes, Mr. Robles is your father—your loving and devoted father. Your real name

is his—Merle Robles you should always have been called."

"And why not?" asked Merle. "Oh, I am proud and overjoyed to think of him as my father."

"Because he has some important reason to have the world think otherwise. I know you will believe me, dear Merle, when I say I do not know that reason. He is too grand and honorable a man for me to have ever pressed for an explanation. I just accepted you as a gift from his hands—his child and the child of my girlhood chum, named Merle, as you know, like yourself."

"So, if I have solved one mystery, there is still another mystery beyond," murmured Merle.

She rose, seated herself, and remained silent for a moment, her hands locked across her knees, her brows knit in thought.

"But why distress your heart over unknown things?" said Mrs. Darlington. "As you have learned by your today's experience, mysteries solve themselves in due time."

"Yes," replied Merle, "but somehow I feel that this is the due time that I should know everything—for my dear father's sake," she added, "not for my own. Oh, mother, you should have seen his face of anguish just before he parted from me this afternoon. It was revealed to me only for an instant. But now I feel sure that something terrible is going to happen—to him."

She was sobbing again, as she flung her arms impulsively around Mrs. Darlington's neck and sat in her lap, just as if once again she had become a little child.

"Oh, mother mine—I shall always call you mother mine, for you have been a dear, sweet, kind mother to me ever since I can remember. But don't you see that today I have also found a father whom I deeply love? Nothing must happen to him."

"Why should anything happen to him?"

"I do not know. Where is Tia Teresa?"

The question came with startling suddenness as Merle started up with another ray of illumination in her mind.

"I haven't seen her since morning," replied Mrs. Darlington.

"Nor have I," said Merle, standing erect, wiping away the traces of her tears, and with a few pats adjusting her rumpled hair. "That is very strange."

"No. I happen to know that this day, the eleventh of October, is always a sad anniversary for Tia Teresa—the death of some dear friend who lies buried in the little Mexican cemetery on the hill. She has always refused to tell me the story. But early this morning she went, as usual, to place flowers upon the grave."

"Flowers—for a grave!" exclaimed Merle. She was thinking of the roses she had gathered that afternoon for Mr. Robles—for her father—because he specially wanted the most beautiful blooms. But she did not give her thought to Mrs. Darlington.

"It is all so strange," continued Merle. Then her air of decisiveness returned. "I'll go and see if Tia Teresa is in her room."

Mrs. Darlington was gravely perturbed at this persistency. Oh, if only the mysteries of the past could be left alone, the joys of the present accepted for themselves! Probing into trouble cannot but lead to further trouble—that, for her, had been the secret of

contentment. But she was powerless to intervene. Merle had already departed on her mission of enquiry.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### *Exit Leach Sharkey*

THE ponies were jogging down the trail, Leach Sharkey uncomfortably lurching in his saddle, when some sudden bend or dip was encountered, Dick Willoughby good-humoredly holding him on when such emergencies rendered the service advisable if an ignominious fall were to be avoided. There was a song of joy in Dick's heart—liberty was at hand; he was riding down from the hills to join his loved one again. But there was sullen brooding in the soul of the outwitted sleuth—growing more sullen with every mile traversed, with every kindness rendered, with the very realization of his own ridiculous predicament and the contrast of his companion's light-hearted happiness.

At last they reached the foot of the trail, leading on to the road that crossed the plain. At the distance of a few miles the Rancho San Antonio showed amid its clustering shade and orchard trees.

"Let us dismount for a bit," suggested Sharkey. "I feel all in—dead beat and tired."

"But how will I get you on to your horse again?" replied Dick, a trifle dubiously.

"Oh, we'll manage that. Please help me down."

Dick sprang to the ground, dropped the reins over his pony's head, and soon had Leach Sharkey on *terra firma*.

"You're no light weight to handle," he laughed. "By the way, Sharkey, I forgot to ask: Where's your boss this afternoon?"

Sharkey eyed Dick curiously.

"You don't know?"

"Why should I know? It's quite a time since I met the gentleman."

"You are aware who Pierre Luzon is?"

"Certainly. Pierre has come to be quite a friend of mine. He's a good fellow all right."

There was a moment's pause. Dick was rolling a cigarette, Sharkey furtively watching every expression on his face.

"Well, the Frenchie played me a dirty trick when he threw that key away," remarked the sleuth, rattling the handcuffs behind his back.

"I guess Pierre was resolved to take no chances," replied Dick, grinning through the tobacco smoke as he surveyed the helpless bodyguard. "He only needed a pair of hobbles to complete the job."

A muttered curse came from Sharkey's lips—but this was an aside. For Dick he had an insinuating smile.

"You might get these blamed handcuffs off all right, Willoughby. Look at that big boulder there. If I set my hands across it, you might hammer through the chain. Or if you have a pistol, that might do the trick."

"No, I've got no pistol," Dick replied.

He did not notice the gleam of satisfaction in Sharkey's eyes—the wolfish smile at the corners of his wolf-like teeth. At the moment he was looking around for a convenient stone that might serve as a hammer.

"But I think I might break that chain all right with this," he went on, as he stooped and picked up a heavy, sharp-edged fragment of granite from the rock-strewn ground. "Come along, then. Set your wrists just here. At least, we can try."

The trial succeeded—the slender steel strain stretched across the boulder soon yielded to the succession of battering blows.

Sharkey flung his great big brawny arms aloft. He was still wearing the bracelets, but his hands were free.

"Feels better, don't it?" said Dick, with a sympathetic smile.

"A damned sight better," roared the sleuth, as he turned quickly round. "Now, young man, you are my prisoner. I arrest you for jail-breaking. There's my star. I don't say hands up, for I know you haven't a gun."

As he spoke, Sharkey opened his coat so that the official badge might be displayed.

Dick in his amazement stepped back, just one pace. Sharkey advanced, his high hands outstretched.

"Make no trouble now. You know I am only doing my duty."

"Duty be hanged," cried Dick, as with a swift upercut he caught his would-be captor on the jaw. Sharkey staggered, and Dick, with a right-arm swing, banged him on the temple, bowling him over like a ninepin.

Sharkey was soon on his hands and knees; then dazed and tottering, he got onto his feet again. But Dick was watchfully waiting, and with sharp jabs, right and left, sent him down once more. The sleuth lay motionless now.

Like a flash Dick grabbed the riata hanging from the saddle-horn of his pony, and without a moment's loss of time had its coils around the arms and chest of the prostrate man, roping him like a thrown steer with all the skill of the trained cowboy. In a brief minute the knots were tied, and with the final clove-hitch the fallen Samson was turned over on his back. Sharkey's eyes opened, glaring dully at his conqueror.

"You contemptible hound!" exclaimed Dick, as he tossed the loose end of the lariat from him. "By God, I've seen a few low-down things done in my lifetime, but this is

certainly the limit. I suppose you would have betrayed me for the sake of the reward, even though you know now for certain that I was wrongfully arrested at the start. You damned Judas! You deserve to be hanged like a horse-thief, Leach Sharkey—that's about your proper finish."

And Dick in his righteous indignation glanced around as if in search of a convenient tree for the operation.

"I'll give no further trouble," mumbled Sharkey.

"It will be my particular care that you don't," replied Dick. "Get up, you hulking brute." And grabbing the coils of the riata, he fairly lifted Sharkey to his feet.

"Now I wouldn't shame the pony by putting you on his back again. Follow me."

Picking up the free end of the rope, and gathering the leading rein of Sharkey's horse into the same hand, Willoughby vaulted into his saddle.

"Come along," he called out, turning round as the riata came taut. And thus, a dozen paces behind, the sleuth, discomfited again a second time that day, and humiliated worse than ever, followed perforce in his victor's trail.

Perhaps half a mile of the open road was thus traversed, Dick speaking not another word, but looking round occasionally and giving an energetic yank at the rope whenever there was evidence of laggard steps. Sharkey stumbled along, his chin buried in his breast, his eyes half-closed to conceal their dumb, vicious glare of concentrated but impotent fury.

They had now reached a gate; Dick dismounted and threw it open, pointing the way for Sharkey to take.

"It's about five miles to the rancho," he said. "I don't know how you'll get through the other gates, but I reckon you can crawl under them, like the snake you've proved yourself to be. Now, off you go," and with the words he looped the loose end of the riata around the victim's shoulders. "That's a better necktie than you deserve, Leach Sharkey. If it was anyone but myself, you would be helped to a start by a few vigorous kicks behind."

The sleuth shamled through the gateway, with shamed, averted face. With a click the gate was closed. For just a few minutes Dick watched the figure moving away through the now gathering dusk. Then he laid a hand on his saddle-horn.

"I hope it's the last I'll see of that animal," he murmured to himself, as he sprang lightly into the saddle. And at a canter he started along the road, the led pony, after a few heel-kicks as if in joy at being relieved of its burden, soon dropping into the swinging stride.

*To be concluded next month*

## Affairs and Folks

*Continued from page 390*

sis, are trussed rigidly in leather frames. In the pool he is quite active.

The scientific solution of this mystery is, according to Miss Woodcock, the fact that it is easier to walk in water than out of it. The muscles react more easily, because the body is not holding so much weight. The nerves relax, losing the tenseness of the bedchamber. Consequently, the pool is not

only a bright recreation hour, but it is also a period of valuable muscle training.

Miss Woodcock sends those children out on an adventure when she puts them in the pool. The goal is the use of some limb over which the child has no command. Control of each new muscle becomes a triumph, and the children work hard over their play, smiling grimly to conceal pain, while they exercise stiff joints, and stand upon legs which look too thin to hold the weight of even so small a child. There is as much

excitement over the relaxing of a paralysed toe in the hospital, as there is in an observatory over the discovery of a new planet.

Miss Woodcock has made the world happier for a hundred youngsters, who with their gaiety make older patients cheerful, too. She has given them a chance to experience pleasure in life. But more than that, she has made the art of child healing a game in which the cripples themselves play the stellar parts.

*By Hartzell Spence.*



# "Hawley and Smoot Tariff Chairmen Ltd."

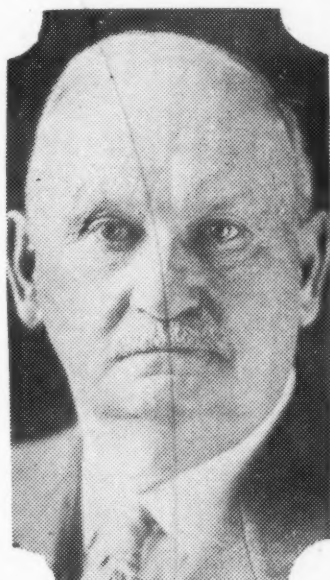
*The Tariff Bill twain of the Seventy-first Congress whose names are carried down in the archives as the responsible chairmen of House and Senate who lead the fight for the Schedules of 1930 A. D.*

**D**URING the hectic days of the Conference on the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, I saw the Chairman of the House Committee hard at work at the old desk in the corner where he has gone over the recent tariff bill which involved millions of words in debate, and hearings, twelve hundred Senate amendments, and two hundred House clauses. On the walls of the rooms were the pictures of William McKinley, Nelson Dingley, Roger G. Mills and other predecessors who have had tariff bills in charge. The room was formerly occupied by the Committee on Military Affairs. The ceiling overhead was adorned with classic suggestions of spears and spikes, suggesting the warlike spirit of Mars. The old chandelier overhead contained nine large globes, which some wag has suggested is a triple sign of a pawnshop. The old Committee table flanked by seventeen chairs still remained—an unique reminder of old times. The hearings are now held in the House Office Building which suggests a gathering place for the Supreme Court or a miniature Congress. The modest and unpretentious furnishings of the Chairman's room at the Capitol scarcely suggested the millions involved in the deliberations of this chairman. The Hawley-Smoot bill was introduced on May 28, 1929. It was hoped to have it completed and agreed upon within the twelve months ensuing which involved the time and effort of an extraordinary session of Congress. Chairman Hawley, with his stubby gray moustache and keen blue eyes, was a picture of health and did not show the wear and tear of the long strenuous hours of tariff study.

The luxury of a private office was not accorded him; whoever willed to do so, entered this historic old office. The doorknob has been touched by many thousands of eminent and anxious visitors who run the gauntlet of Harris, the veteran doorkeeper, ever ready with a smile. Leaning back in his chair for a long breath after a favorable report on a troublesome schedule, Congressman Hawley arose and looked for all the world like the school teacher that he is. An instructor in mathematics he confessed that he had a liking for figures, to working out intricate problems with these numerals inherited from the Arabic.

"Figures are most useful for the sake of comparison," he continued, "and few people realize what a tremendous amount of comparing is done in fixing the rates on a tariff bill. Percentages become glorified, decimal points are significant, but after all it is the human equation involved in public welfare that had to be considered in the last analysis."

A biographical record reveals that Willis Chatman Hawley was born on a farm in Benton County, Oregon on the 5th of May, 1864. Crossing the plains to Oregon during those eventful years of 1847 and 1848, his parents came from Ohio and their fathers in turn emigrated from New England, so that Congressman Hawley feels that



*Willis C. Hawley, Chairman of Ways and Means Committee who prepared the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill*

his home town of Salem has a honored name, being the first capital of New England, which has survived all the traditions and traducements including withcraft. Graduating from Wilamette University, he received A. M. and LL.D. and began life as a school teacher and later became president of the University from which he graduated. Retiring to take up the practice of law he was later elected to Congress. Advancement came to him by reason of merit as well as seniority, and now he has the distinction of having an important Tariff measure bear his name, the first bill that was ever named for a congressman and senator hailing from west of the Mississippi. In his greeting there is the manner of the old time pioneer from the land "where rolls the Oregon." Over the mantel piece which has not seen a fire for many years, were two pitchers labelled "Ways and Means Committee." The mystery is how these pitchers have been preserved during all the fifty years they have seen service in holding beverages for thirsty committee-

men in the days when liquor was not a contraband under the dome of the Capitol. On the mantel was a modest picture that suggested his native Oregon, but it is evident Ways and Means Committee have not to many visitors that the Chairmen of the hedged themselves about with luxurious surroundings that might give evidence of the usual charges of "internal control" against them in increasing tariff duties.

All revenue bills must originate in the House, and the names of the Chairmen are attached to the bill. In this instance where a hyphenated name is used, the name of the distinguished Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate must follow the hyphen. The country recognizes the tariff measure of 1930 as the Hawley-Smoot bill, born after long travail and acrimonious discussion in the Committee Rooms, in the hearings and on the floor of both houses of Congress to say nothing of the final and crucial conference.

**T**WENTY-SEVEN years ago I recall meeting in Washington a tall angular man with a wild western moustache. He hailed from Utah and arrived about the time when there was a prevailing prejudice against the Mormon people. It was not long before Reed Smoot was recognized as one of the most conscientious hard-working men that had ever served under the Capitol dome. Seldom seen at social gatherings, one would find him at home among a mass of papers laying a foundation of an illustrious career. Tariff was his hobby. No matter how he was hammered in debate or jeered at in the press, he continued on his way and worked. Colleagues in the senate soon learned to respect the conscientious Utah statesman as an authority on economic matters.

Few men in public life have done more in helping others, in his quiet way, not even waiting for a word of gratitude. The tribute paid to his wife, the late Mrs. Smoot who was his companion during all the struggling years, came from the heart of an earnest man, who numbered her as among the greatest of all his life blessings.

Roll calls come and go, but that does not affect the sincerity or enthusiasm of Senator Smoot in his work on tariff schedules. Upon him fell the task of defending the bill prepared by his committee and of knowing the intent and import of the thousands of amendments presented. Day after day with the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun, Senator Smoot was found constantly at his post, attentive at the debate

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# Poet and Forum Leader of Fair Florida

*Sketch of Robert Shailor Holmes of Daytona who founded the Florida Forum but keeps right on writing interesting verse that is published in magazines and books—He has brought to the Peninsula State a cultured and impressing method of enjoying winter vacation days*

ONE cannot think of Florida without a suggestion of sunny skies and the open. The throng of visitors who visit the Peninsula State in wintertime find that the vacation days are busy days.

When Dr. Robert Shailor Holmes became a resident of Florida, he continued in his love of literature and public service. Seventeen years ago he established an Open Forum at Daytona Beach, at which celebrated eminent speakers from all parts of the world discussed in a fascinating way, timely and educational subjects. The success of this enterprise led to the organization of forums in many other Florida cities. The work was a labor of love, and he cheerfully met the deficits. The idea so interested the late Simon J. Peabody of Indiana that he built an auditorium for the Forum in Daytona, which was known as the world's largest open forum. The programs included at one time a week of Grand Opera and the appearance of noted singers and artists. Located near the winter home of John D. Rockefeller at Ormond, the distinguished oil magnate became one of the attendants.

Year after year the Forum grew in influence and created the slogan "Let there be light." Dr. Holmes was the genius of good will who directed the activities. Early in life he began writing verse and has published several volumes of poems. His "Builders" and other poems reveal something of the genius of Edgar Guest in popular appeal through melodious lines that reach the hearts of the people. In his Daytona library he spends busy days in writing poems that have the quaint touch of humor and doubtless suggested the lines he wrote concerning "The Author's Rendezvous."

When the silences are sealed  
By the velvet of the night;  
Softly from my couch I steal  
For an hour of delight,  
For the big arm chair is waiting  
Where the muses are at play;  
So I take my pen to catch them  
Just before the break of day.

In a corner of the bookroom  
Where my throne is kept for me,  
Where the wide oak arms bid welcome  
To a literary spree;  
Full a thousand jolly authors  
Stand like soldiers in a row  
Looking to a midnight revel  
Where both wit and wisdom flow.

Longfellow strokes his whiskers  
And recites his 'Psalm of Life';  
Lowell jokes of Zekel  
Courting Huldry for a wife;  
Whittier makes us young again—  
Blessings on his 'Barefoot Boy',  
Then mix in a bit of Shakespeare  
For an erudite alloy.

Libraries are a rendezvous  
For learned satellites  
Whose souls may long have wandered on  
Whose spirits come o' nights  
To mingle in communion  
With the ones who gather there  
And in their midst I love to be  
In my big library chair.



Robert Shailor Holmes, Founder of the Florida Forum

Appropriate to the irrepressible thought of youth in Florida, the site of the historic fountain which Ponce de Leon sought, he has written lines that indicate what youth does when it comes of age and radiates that rich and rare experience which comes with living.

Let us grow gracefully young with the years  
Sharing our blessings and hiding our tears;  
The world is in need of silver haired folk  
With time to make merry in story and joke.

From the market one morning, my Father  
walked by  
And replied to my greeting with twinkling eye;  
"You see those boys playing—they never will  
know  
What true happiness is until eighty or so."

I have a young neighbor now past ninety-one  
Who meets every quip with a humorous pun;

Good company, though wrinkled and hoary  
For no one can beat him at telling a story.

I called on an editor over four score;  
His stenographer answered my knock at the door  
And asked for my card, I gave her my name,  
Then she artfully whispered "He is gone to the game."

Another fine neighbor is now eighty-seven  
You would naturally think he was ready for Heaven;  
Though not in dire need—loaned a dime from Will Rogers  
And plays better golf than many young cogens.

These wise octogenarians have taught us forsooth  
That one may retain the spirit of youth;  
Then let us drive on toward the low setting sun  
As frolicsome boys with a cargo of fun.

A bit of modernistic humor is included in the latter day fads of womankind in maintaining the girlish figure, to say nothing of the schoolgirl complexion, that all Floridians feel is a logical sequence of living in Florida. His facile pen leads to suggestions that may impress the winsome maids of tender age and those who challenge the maturity that comes with the years.

Though I am given to advice  
Which is not wanted—is not nice;  
Yet maidens fair and passing clever  
Ask for counsel, (heed it never);  
How to keep their girlish figure  
Waspish, lithe in pristine vigour.

In later years which come and go,  
I look for maids I used to know  
And wonder have they kept their figure  
Waspish, lithe in pristine vigour;  
Then I find them quite untroubled  
With their girlish figure doubled.

The cities and towns included in the Florida Forum itinerary look upon it as a municipal asset not to be measured in dollars and cents. It provides a mental pabulum that is not usually found in the tax budget. In fact, it is so personal that it requires not only the initiative work of volunteers, but necessitates a popular subscription which is not always so popular, but in Florida is looked upon as essential. It involves a sense of civic responsibility in providing a post-graduate course of lectures where parents and children join in the study and discussion of interesting questions. The lectures scheduled are not the only entertainment, for musical and other features are brought to these communities by artists and speakers that would not likely otherwise visit the home town and deliver their message direct face to face to the people. The Forum has truly become an American institution.



## Affairs at Washington

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the most wrathful Solons are representatives and senators from towns where they work on a sixteen party line. They have also discovered the location of an old senatorial snuff-box which Senator Jim Reed used to visit for a pinch. Now we understand why the senators are not "up to snuff," in gauging public sentiment. The people will not pass resolutions of lamentation when the news flashes that the session of Congress has "snuffed out" in an adjournment.

THERE was an atmosphere of happiness that seemed to pervade the White House grounds when the First Lady of the Land made her appearance after a long and troublesome illness that followed a fall wrenching her back. With the patience and fortitude characteristic of Lou Henry Hoover, she continued persistently to carry on in the little acts of kindness that have always been identified with her public and private life. There was scarcely a day that she did not remember many with flowers from the White House conservatory, sharing the blossoms that are provided for the Executive Mansion with those in the hospitals and the callers from various parts of the country and all sorts and conditions whom she was unable to meet. No wonder that the birds seemed to sing more merrily and the fragrance of flowers seemed more beautiful when she made her way to the South Portico and joined her husband in the exactions of the social routine. No doubt there was a longing in those weary days at the White House for the beauties of the camp at Rapidan, for although the White House grounds are beautiful there is nothing that quite compares to nature in primeval glory, especially to people like Mrs. Hoover who have ever been attracted by the beauties of the open.

THE statement of Secretary Stimson in reference to the independence of the Philippines evoked a wave of argumentary discussion. The time limit of ten years was thought to be rather soon to adjust the oriental equilibrium of Uncle Sam in calculations as to what would follow such an action. Everyone who had ever been in the Philippines was besought for an authoritative opinion. Many of the most impressive comments came from people who were not directly associated with official work in the insular possession. Among those whose activities had much to do with crystallizing and formulating the business policies of the Philippines was Mr. John Gibson of Chicago, the treasurer of the Coliseum. He was engaged in the lumber business and in those activities gathered some valuable information concerning the situation. He was there during the time when the late Chief Justice Taft established a government that has at least carried on to the present time, even if it did involve the responsibilities that inspired Kipling to indite poems on the subject and George Ade to write an opera, "The Sultan of Sulu." Although a business man,



John Gibson, Treasurer of the Chicago Coliseum

Mr. Gibson is a lover of literature and history, and has committed to memory a poem every day for over fifty years and his friends insist that he knows life and people as he knows the poems he loves.

DAY after day the events commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Old Bay State Colony occur in the various cities in the



Irving Collins of Miami Beach, Florida

state. It has been one continuous performance so to speak of the communities that have centuries of history from which to draw upon historic incidents in local history for thrilling and impressive pageants. Visitors from various cities in England such as Boston, Dorchester, Plymouth, Worcester including the Mayors and dignitaries participated as guests of their namesake towns. Many of them made a trip to Washington feeling that a trip to the U. S. A. was

entirely incomplete without a glimpse of the dome at the Nation's Capital. Niagara Falls was also voted imperatively on the itinerary. Their comments were interesting. The Mayor of Dorchester, England, home town of the late Thomas Hardy insisted that the stately and graceful bridges in New York were to him even more impressive than the towering skyscrapers. There are so many things that seem to live in those sweeping towers of wires that suggest the pulsing arteries of human activities radiating from the magnet center of Manhattan with its teeming millions.

ANew record for longevity is being sought by fair Florida, the state discovered by Ponce de Leon in his quest for the fountain of Eternal Youth. Memorial Day revealed a large number of Grand Army men living in the state named for flowers. The ranks of this organization are rapidly thinning, year by year, until in the roll call of states at National Encampments, Arizona no longer responds with a single member. A canvass reveals a large number living in Florida where Posts average in size larger than those in the north, because so many of the old soldiers have retired to spend the sunset of life amid sunshine and flowers. The statement is now made that Florida will be the last of the states to respond before taps are sounded on the last roll call of veterans of the Union Army. This may seem paradoxical occurring within the boundaries of the Confederacy, but the chief virtue of the situation lies in the proof of longevity—one of the popular claims for climate in the Peninsula state. It further confirms the vision of Carl Fisher and Irving Collins of Miami Beach who long ago pronounced the area where "balmy Gulf tropic breezes ever blow" as one spot on this mundane sphere where the span of years in the allotment of the average human is extended.



## Tickleweed and Feathers



**M**EANLY was an impatient landlord, and when the rent from a certain tenant was two days overdue he sent the offender this letter:

"Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that my rent is overdue. Please remit same by return post."

A day or two later Meanly received this reply:

"Dear Sir,—I don't know of any reason why I should pay your rent. I can't even pay my own."

At a small country theatre they were giving "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and as there were only eight in the company the entering of the robbers into the cave was done by the men passing out at the back of the stage and entering again at the front. Unfortunately one of them had a limp, and when he had entered five times a voice from the gallery cried, "Stick it, Hoppy! Last lap."

Governor Gore, of West Virginia, was condemning, at a Charleston luncheon, a financial policy.

"These people talk to the taxpayers," he said, "in a way suggestive of Mrs. Brown."

"Mrs. Brown showed her husband a new fur coat and said:

"Don't look so worried, love. I saved up the money for this coat, every cent of it."

"Brown drew a long breath of relief.

"How did you manage to do that?" he asked.

"I saved it," Mrs. Brown explained, "out of the money you gave me for the new carpet. I had the carpets charged to our account."

Every worthy movement has to pass through three stages. First, people say it is ridiculous; second, that it is contrary to religion; and third, everybody knew it before.—Dean Inge.

A party of clergymen were attending a Presbyterian conference in Scotland. Several of them set off to explore the district. Presently they came to a river spanned by a temporary bridge. Not observing a notice that the bridge was unsafe, they started to cross it. The bridge-keeper ran after them in protest.

"It's all right," declared the spokesman, not understanding the reason for the old man's haste; "we're Presbyterians from the Conference."

"I'm no' carin' aboot that," was the reply, "but if ye dinna get off the bridge you'll all be Baptists!"

Some years ago when horses and buggies were the best means of locomotion, a young man and his sweetheart drove into Westmount to spend the evening. They stopped their horse near a popcorn vending machine and the odors were unusually tantalizing.

"Ge, that smells good, don't it?" said the young woman.

"It surely does," said the bashful and stingy lover. "I believe I'll drive up a little closer."

A Londoner visiting St. Andrews for the first time determined to try a round of golf. Furnishing himself with the usual implements and a caddie, he went out before breakfast.

It seemed easy, and his first drive was a terrific swipe. When the turf had ceased to descend, he turned, somewhat dazed, to the caddie, and asked, "What did I hit just now, my lad?"

"Scotland, sir."

Attentive service in your holiday hotel is, of course, most desirable, but it is a bit of a nuisance if carried so far that you cannot get clear away without paying your bill.

Two Irish doughboys were in a mopping up party which was following the assault lines. In a large shell hole they found 10 Germans sound asleep from the exhaustion of battle, who had apparently been passed over by the front line troops.

"Shall we shoot 'em or bayonet 'em?" asked Mike.

"Aw, no," said Pat, "let's wake 'em up and have a fight."

Mrs. Wooley excitedly entered her lawyer's office. "Have you filed my application for a divorce yet?" she asked.

"No, madam," replied the lawyer, "but I am at work on the papers now."

"Thank goodness, I am not too late. Destroy all papers and evidence at once, please."

"A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer?"

"Gracious me, no. He was run over and killed by a car this morning and I want to retain you in my suit for damages against the wealthy owner of the car."

"How is business?"

"Awful! I have so many dishonest rivals."

"Really?"

"Yep. They insist on selling at reasonable prices."

Her father brought home to dinner an earnest young man with a very pale face. He had a miserable voice, like a broken foghorn and when he lifted his watery eyes to the ceiling and said:

"Every man should have a mission in life," she asked—

"What is yours?"

"The saving of young men," said he lugubriously.

"O, do save a nice one for me!" said she.

A sensational murder case was nearing its close, and in rebuttal the prosecution had called a famous mental alienist.

"Now, doctor," demanded counsel for the defence, "how do you account for the fact that Dr. Gurk who preceded you, testified the defendant is as crazy as a crazy quilt?"

The noted specialist considered. Then the obvious answer came.

"Why," he said, "why he's crazy too!"

A doctor declares that when children cry it is a sign that they want something.

Or that they have just had it!

First Spinster:—I had an awful dream last night. I thought I was being pursued by a man. It was terrible!

Second Spinster:—I know—I've had the same dream myself—it is horrible. You must run and run, and no matter how hard you try, you simply can't stop.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Two tramps walking along the railroad found a bottle of high powered moonshine. One took a drink and passed it to the other. And so forth, until the bottle was empty.

After awhile one puffed out his chest and said, "You know, Bill, tomorrow I'm going to buy this road. I'm going to buy all the railroads in the country, all the automobiles, all the steamboats, all the hotels—everything! What do you think of that?"

Bill looked at his companion disparagingly and replied, "Impossible, can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I won't sell."

Mr. Jones:—"I'm bringing the boss home to dinner. Be sure to have something nice, won't you?"

Mrs. Jones:—"Yes, indeed. I'll run right down and get that velvet gown I've been wanting."

The human body is the only machine for which there are no spare parts. Learn to use rightly those you have.



## H. Ross Ake, the Able Treasurer of Ohio

*Continued from page 401*

of elementary though practical lesson in conservation.

With the experience and record such as H. Ross Ake has behind him, it is no wonder that he should be constantly called to position of public responsibility. His selection as Treasurer of the State of Ohio occasioned a tribute from his home paper, the Canton Repository, that is well deserved and merited:

"Canton will lose a valuable citizen for the duration of his tenure of office, which continues until 1930, but in Canton's loss the state as a whole is the gainer. Canton is fortunate in having men of caliber to fill the posts for which they are selected, and so the loss of the men themselves for the duration of their state-wide jobs is less hard to bear.

"Ross Ake's record of achievement in Canton, his deep interest in public affairs, his omnipresent willingness to serve, augurs for Governor Cooper splendid helpfulness in carrying out ambitions of the administration. An upstanding citizen has gone to an important office."

In his home life Mr. Ross Ake was fortunate in wooing and winning Hannah Dager, a Stark County girl. Three stalwart sons, rugged Ohio types, constitute the family circle. J. Stewart Ake is a graduate of the Law Department of Ohio Northern University, Russell E. is a Law student at the Ohio State University and Arthur H., the youngest, a freshman at Ohio State, all three are graduates of the McKinley High School at Canton.

While at this time the people of Ohio are naturally thinking of H. Ross Ake as a candidate for re-election as State Treasurer, I cannot resist thinking of him as one of those all-round useful and efficient ideal citizens of the U. S. A., one who would be a valuable asset to any city, county or state that was fortunate to secure his services. I know him first as a friend—a friend who never fails. I know him as a business man, one whose integrity, honor and character stands pre-eminent. I know him as a wide-awake crusader in civic or political campaigns, giving unselfishly and devotedly the best that is in him. I know him as the friend and confidant of presidents and governors and men in high positions. I also know him as a man with the soul of a poet, who has written much, but printed little. His favorite poem is Gray's *Elegy*. In commenting on it, he says that it is these virtues that have made appeal to him:—

The sweetest music, sweetest song,  
That ever charmed the ear,  
Is sweet because its melody  
Is simple, plain and clear.

The plainest words, the clearest thoughts,  
The simplest, modest truths  
Are they that shine as brightest lights,  
And deepest sorrows soothe.

His favorite poet is Shakespeare, and he read much of it before he could understand it. One quotation that impressed him when but a small boy and which has remained



THE INCREASING USE OF THE TELEPHONE REQUIRES THE EXPENDITURE OF HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS ANNUALLY FOR EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

## It keeps faith with your needs

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

You have found a constantly growing use for the telephone. You have learned its value in business. You have found it helpful in keeping contact with family and friends. Its increasing use has given the telephone its humanly important place in modern life and requires the expenditure of hundreds of millions annually for extensions and improvements.

In 1929 the Bell System's additions, betterments and replacements, with new manufacturing facilities, meant an expenditure of 633 million dollars. During 1930 this total will be more than 700 millions.

Definite improvements in your service result from a program of this size and kind. They start with the average time required to put in your telephone—which in five years has been cut nearly in half. They range

through the other branches of your service, even to calls for distant points—so that all but a very few of them are now completed while you remain at the telephone.

In order to give the most effective, as well as the most economical service, the operation of the Bell System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the part of the country it serves.

The Bell Laboratories are constantly engaged in telephone research. The Western Electric Company is manufacturing the precision equipment needed by the System. The staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is developing better methods for the use of the operating companies. It is the aim of the Bell System continually to furnish a better telephone service for the nation.



through the years as an ever-ready help in many an emergency, is from Henry VI:

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just and naked he, though locked up in steel, whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For many years I have read his poems delivered on various important occasions, such as the unveiling of the monument to mad Anthony Wayne at the Battle field of "Fallen Timbers" September 9, 1929, but his verse on "Service" is a keynote to his character, and I am going to indulge myself in reprinting these lines as a text to the ideals and character of my friend and everybody's friend who ever knew him, H. Ross Ake:

He who so serves in high or humble station,  
To justly merit praise and commendation,

Finds his reward, or full remuneration  
In duty done, and not in acclamation,  
Will on the day of his transfiguration  
Rejoice, that in earth's brief imposed probation,  
He thus did amplify men's just relation.  
For he who serves not man, God's choice creation,  
Serves neither God, nor his appointed nation.

If his proven qualities and established record of achievement is known to the voters of Ohio as his friends know them, there will be no doubt of his receiving an overwhelming vote as a recognition of faithful service well done, no matter who his opponent may be or what partisan exigencies may arise. In other organizations it is customary to retain a treasurer who has proven a worthy steward and custodian of finances. With this in mind the voters of Ohio are going to approve efficient service.

## Major Byers, the Soldier-Poet, at 93

*Continued from page 397*

"And around the tree in dances,  
The unclad people swung  
To a music weird and wondrous  
To the songs that the maiden's sung.  
\*\*\*

"Twas the rarest cone for the fairest,  
Far sweeter than all the rest;  
Each tore from its branch and tossed it  
To the maid that he loved the best."

Major Byers has written many songs, notably, "Sherman's March to The Sea," his "Song of Iowa," which is sung in every school-house in that state, and his "Marriage of The Flowers," which has been officially put in all the schools of New York State.

He has had many college degrees conferred upon him during his "rather eventful life" as he says at the age of ninety-three.

The famous composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, has recently set some of Major Byers' poems to music, and of his "Bells of Capistrano," John S. McGroarty said, "Let me commend it to all lovers of Western romance, and American poetry. It is his finest work, and that is saying a great deal."

In a more heroic vein Major Byers wrote a poem, "Yosemit," which begins as follows:

"I stood within a valley deep and green,  
Where walls of rock commingled with the sky,  
There, in cold ether, lofty and serene  
They watch the centuries go marching by.  
From dizzy heights adown their granite sides  
Leap snow-fed brooks and lovely waterfalls,  
While through the vale the Merced river flows  
And murmur'g answers to the brooklet's calls."

S. H. M. Byers is, no doubt, the Dean of California poets, a man of whom we are proud, and to whom all honor is due. May he round out a century of life and more, in this "old world" that his poetic genius has so beautifully described in song and story.

Major Byers was born July 23, 1838, at Pulaski, Pa., the son of J. M. Byers, and Pamela Marshall Byers, who was a grand niece of the famous Chief Justice Marshall.

"We call those poets who are first to mark  
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn—  
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,  
While others only note that day is gone."

The gift of poesy is from the Gods, and blessed be he who has this gift that he may scatter sunshine and happiness and music and beauty to all mankind.

## The First Woman to Serve in Congress

*Continued from page 403*

fall of 1918 she found herself confronted with a different political situation. Heretofore Montana's representatives in the lower House had been chosen from the state at large. But the legislative session of 1917 had divided the state into two congressional districts, the Eastern and Western. Miss Rankin, a Progressive Republican, was a resident of the Western dis-

trict, which was considered strongly Democratic. By this turn of affairs she foresaw defeat if she sought re-election to the House. So changing her plans, she tried for a seat in the Senate, but met with defeat just the same. This was her last attempt to secure office at the hands of the people of her native state.

Shortly following the close of her services in Congress, Miss Rankin visited far-away New Zealand, where she spent several months studying social and industrial conditions under that reputed ideal government. During the past ten years she has remained in the East and South, lecturing and doing welfare work. Only occasionally has she made short visits to her old home. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," it has been said, but there is evidence to the contrary in Miss Rankin's case. In her long absence her love for Missoula has waned perceptibly. In fact, after her brother's defeat for the office of governor of Montana a year ago, her grievance against her native city took on the appearance of being deep-seated and lasting.

Miss Rankin is not the type of politician to take defeat lightly and bide her time to recover the loss. On the contrary, she accepts a reverse of fortune as a thing quite irreparable and sits down to lament. That she has rendered a good service both for Montana and her country at large is not questioned; but she should not take defeat too seriously. The right to vote, denied women for centuries, was but recently given her sex; so it was a great privilege and honor that she should be the first woman to be given an office of high trust.

Contrary to the attitude of most men and women in public life, Miss Rankin does not like to talk about herself for publication. She is somewhat reticent about her work and her future plans. A few of her closest friends do occasionally divulge secrets regarding her movements. For twelve months now the old home has been vacant. Just before winter set in Miss Rankin slipped away to her pecan farm near Bogart, Georgia.

## Women Achieving New Stellar Glory

*Continued from page 402*

role that seemed to give free play to any mode of speech or manner of delivery. Although I agonized over her, I never could forget her. If she affects the majority of people as she has affected me, she will at least never go down to oblivion.

Next I saw her as Roxy Hart in "Chicago"—"the most beautiful murderess in Cook County." At last I told myself I have pigeon-holed Francine Larrimore. She is just a temperamental little tough.

A few days ago I was assigned to cover Miss Larrimore for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and from her manager Tom Kane I heard the most amazing story of how she happened to play in "Let Us Be Gay." Rachel Crothers had been so enthusiastic over her performance in "Nice People" that she rushed to Miss Larrimore the moment she had finished her latest opus. She found Miss Larrimore tired and sleepy, but she didn't deviate from her usual habit of

reading her own play aloud. People in the profession whether they are producers or actors are nine times out of ten put to sleep when an author pursues this method, but by the time Miss Crothers had finished the first act Miss Larrimore was all atingle.

Then came the usual search for a producer, one was just sailing for Europe, another leaving for Palm Beach, a third had put on so many flops his surplus cash had disappeared for the season and so on from office to office, until John Golden was reached. He immediately accepted the play, but he couldn't see Miss Larrimore in the part. There were many conferences and wrangles back and forth. Miss Larrimore offered to step out of the picture, but dear Rachel Crothers stuck to her guns and issued a ultimatum "No Francine, no play." Between the bickerings and the lure of the South, John Golden threw up his hands and said, "All right, you two women can take over my office and cast your play and take the Little Theatre and put it on. I don't want to hear any more about it," and he left for Palm Beach. When he returned to New York he discovered he had the hit of the season. The box office was selling tickets eight weeks in advance and turning them away. John Golden then wondered how he could have dreamed of anyone other than Miss Larrimore in the role of the young divorcee.

The story interested me, but I was still lukewarm about the star. By that time I was at the door of her dressing room and in answer to a cheery "Come in, please" I nearly tripped over a cunning little Pomeranian named Blaze, and was next startled by golden red hair that was being skilfully rolled over a pencil to form a cluster of dear little curls on the nape of her neck. Miss Larrimore sprang up to meet me, and looked a slip of a girl with bare legs and wearing an attractive smock of little clustered rosebuds.

While she was telling me that she was born in Verdun and still speaks French in her home; her aversion to the movies or her feeling of spiritual contact with her theatre audience which gives her the impetus for her best work; that her favorite flower was a gardenia which she always wore, her favorite poems are Thomas Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and Oscar Wilde's "Ballad Reading Goal," (these two poems are in themselves the most concentrated and intense dramas it is strange no playwright has utilized them), I was admiring fourteen pairs of dainty satin slippers of different hues and gowns to match each, looking as new and fresh as if they had just been unpacked for their first wearing. It was a joy to see costumes worn in a play of over eighteen months' run, crisp and new. So often after a play leaves Broadway "anything will do."

My lasting impression of Francine Larrimore was not the exuberance I had expected, but the graceful refinement of a cultured young woman and, as I write, her last sentences come to me:

"I feel so sorry for people who don't know how to live, whether they be seventeen or seventy—personal contact and interest in others is the greatest medium of eternal youth and happiness."



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*Joe Mitchell Chapple's New Book, "Favorite Heart Throbs," Reviewed in a New York Dispatch, Broadcast by the United Press to Newspapers All Over the Country*

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die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in ear-shot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

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## "Hawley and Smoot Tariff Chairmen Ltd." *Continued from page 407*

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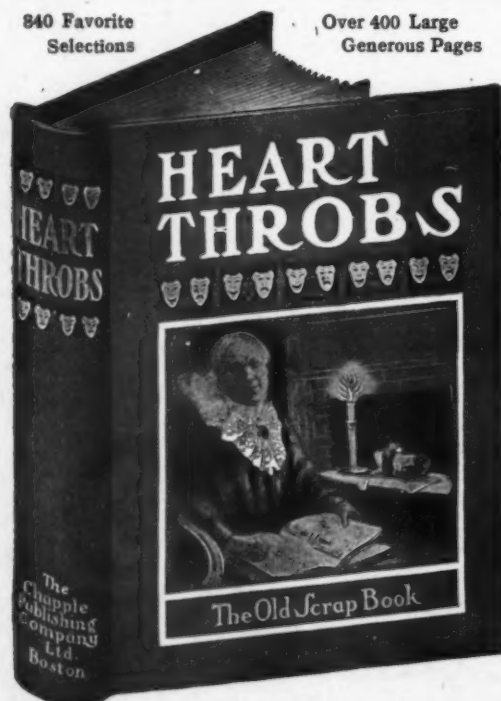
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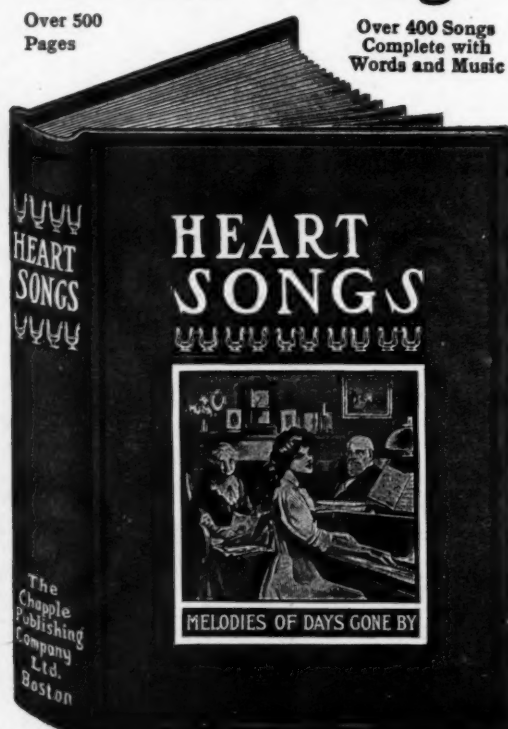
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J. H. Elwell,  
33 Brewster Road,  
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Hays regime was a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authenticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks in republishing the spirit of the times. I am a retired minister of the New England Methodist Conference in my 97th year, able to take an interest in what is going on in town, state, country and world. You have first class talent in reproducing characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next Sunday night.

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Mrs. John W. Patrick,  
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H. G. Robertson,  
33 Carver St.,  
Springfield, Mass.

You surely have that happy faculty of making one forget one's self and see through your eyes; it is indeed a pleasure to listen to your vivid descriptions.

G. Campbell Bensley,  
1a Ivy St.,  
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I think of all programs, barring none, we have enjoyed yours the most. The personal touch and insight into the life and character of the great men of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,  
3 Acton St.,  
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although one may have read a great deal of the life of many of whom you speak somehow you seem to have always come in closer touch and to know some little interesting thing that one would get in no other way. Though one may have looked upon the very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed it with different eyes and in a different light. One is sure to become enlightened by what you have to say.

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I listen in and have a wonderful time when you are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

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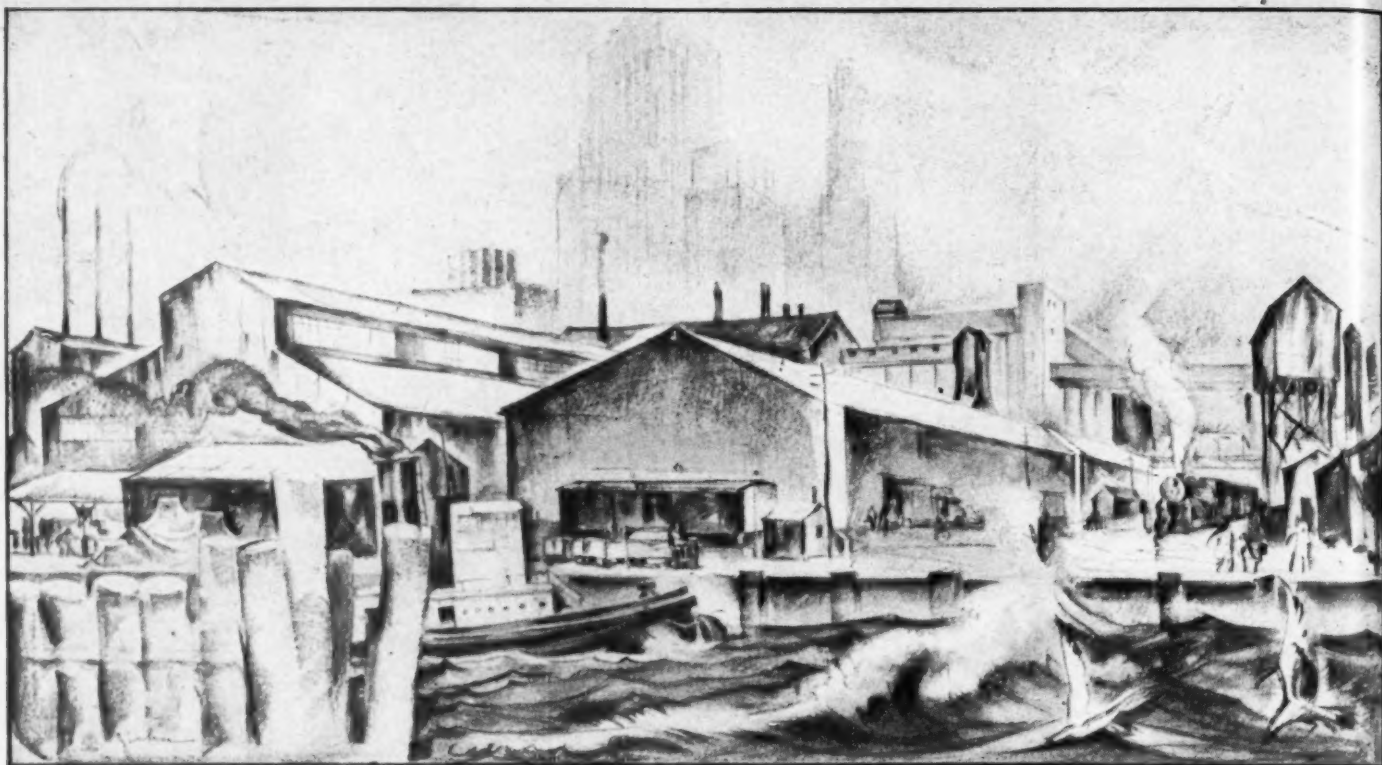
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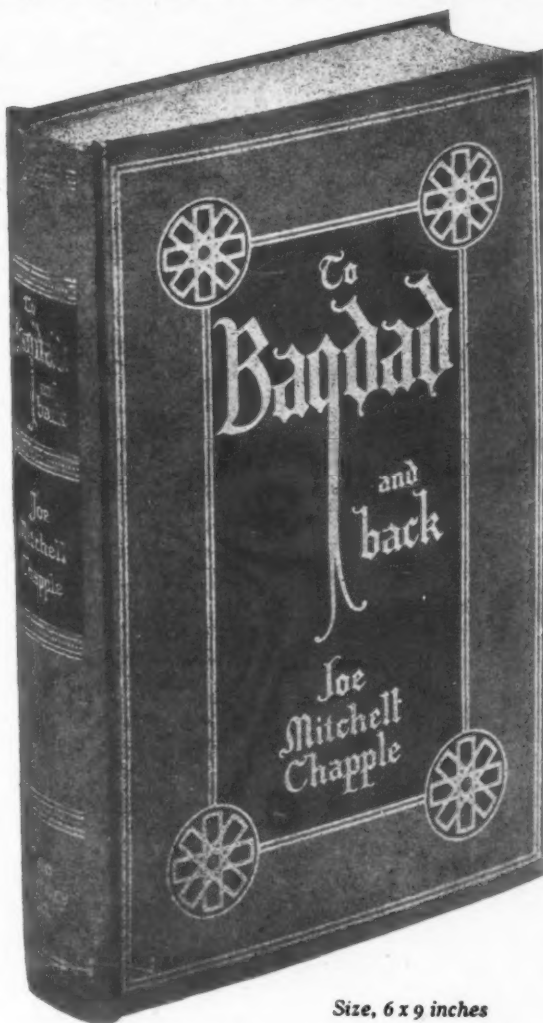
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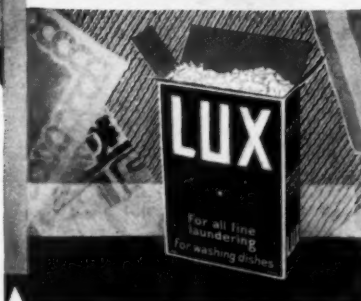
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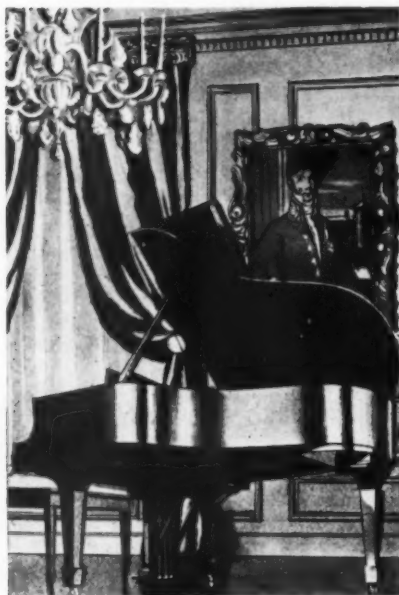
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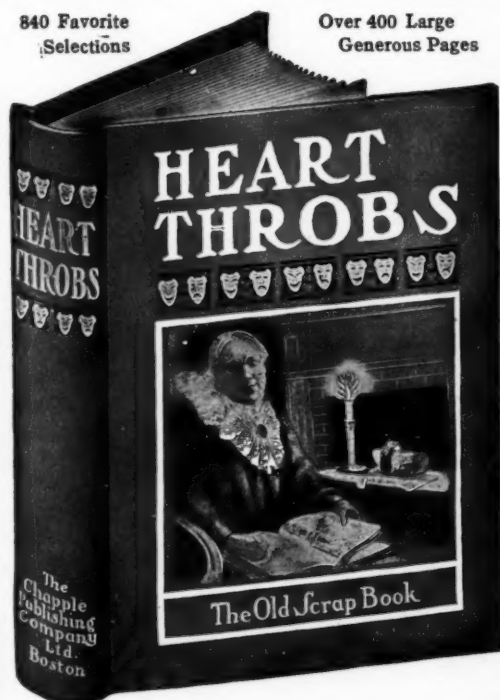
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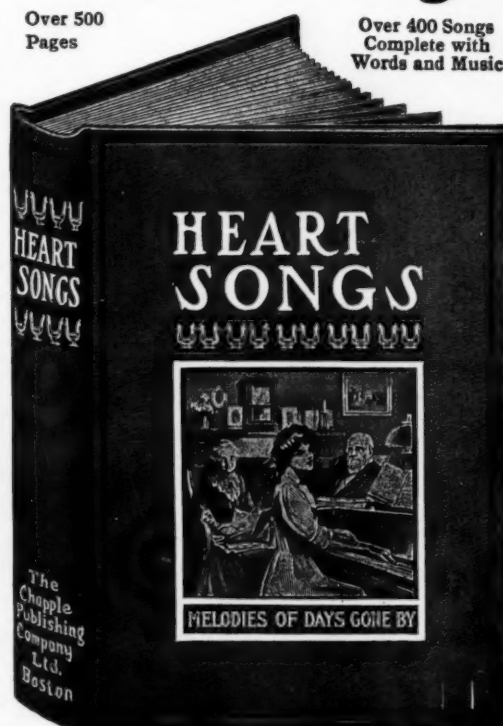
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